THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

Deep in a silent wilderness,
Under the southern sky,
Far distant from his native isle,
A white man's ashes lie.

A broken, rough-hewn tombstone marks
The grave—dug long ago,
In shadow of a mighty rock—
On a hill broad and low.

The grass is short, and scorched, and brown,
On that forsaken tomb,
And there no blossoms ever spring,
To grace it with their bloom.

The daisy, from far England's soil;
The primrose, pale and sweet;
The violet, dearest gem of all—
None such the eye may greet.

These are for grassy churchyard mounds,
Where Love's wild tears are shed,
And Love's eyes watch, and Love's hands tend
The dwelling of the dead.

Only the thin, parched, summer grass,
And dark-green thistles wave,
Where lies, beneath the hill-side rock,
The exile's lonely grave;

For, when Death's awful presence cast
A sacred terror here,
Love's hand, and eye, and heart were far
From the rude, hasty bier.

And since, the storms of thirty years
Have swept above the spot;
The sun has glowed, the chill rain poured,
But Love has known it not.

And yet, it may be, far away
Still-beats some faithful heart,
For which that wild, neglected grave
Holds life's most sacred part.

Love, that has never filled or died,
Unspent, may linger still
In some true breast—and all for him
Whose grave is on the hill.

Tamania. A. D.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKTOWN, MISSOURI.

The above engraving is from a sketch made on the spot for the Illustrated News. The battle occurred on Monday, the 21st of October, in south-eastern Missouri. Jeff. Thompson and Col. Lowe commanded the rebels—Col. Lowe being among the killed. Col. Carlin commanded a portion of the Union troops—the 21st, 38th, 33d Illinois, and 8th Wisconsin, and about eight hundred cavalry.

On Monday morning the Federal forces entered Fredericktown, and were joined by Col. Plummer's forces from Cape Girardeau, at about 10 o'clock. Thompson had left his position to the west of the town, and had taken his position on a rising ground one mile south of the town, where he awaited the attack. The whole body opened fire on Thompson's force at about 2 o'clock P. M. He returned the fire from his cannon, which were pretty well hidden. The fight lasted for about two hours, and in that time about 250 secessionists were killed and wounded, and 35 of the Federal troops.

The secessionists fled, taking the road to Greenville. They were chased 5 or 6 miles along the road.

The secessionists were stationed on the spectator's right, and fired from behind the fence. Their cannon were posted in the wood. The Unionists took up a position on the rising ground at the left, posted their artillery, and blazed away with grape, while their cavalry charged round by the road, further on the left, and attempted to outflank the enemy, but were for a while checked by the infantry, who at last broke and fled. The spot where Col. Lowe was killed is in the centre of the picture.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR RUPERT'S RECEPTION OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Sir Rupert and Lady Lisle were absent on their bridal tour for upwards of six months. They visited Florence, Rome, and Naples. They spent a month in Switzerland. They went to Berlin and Dresden, and returned through the Rhine country to Paris, which city they left early in June, on their journey homewards.

The chestnuts were full in bloom, when Sir Rupert Lisle drove his handsome wife through the gates of Lislewood Park, on the evening of their return. Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters were waiting in the portico, with Mrs. Walsingham, to receive the travellers.

The old man was impatient to clasp his favorite child in his arms. The sisters were anxious to see how Olivia would support her new position, and whether the wife of the young Baronet had won happiness by her brilliant marriage. Lady Lisle's letters had been brief and unsatisfactory. She had never in her life been a good correspondent, but since her marriage she had seemed to avoid all confidence between herself and her family. Sir Rupert descended from the high phaeton which he had been driving, and, flinging the reins to one of his grooms, strode of towards the stables, with merely a nod of recognition to his mother and the rest of the group as sembled in the portico.

"Rupert, where are you going?" ex claimed Mrs. Walsingham, as the Colonel ran down the steps, to hand his daugh ter from the phaeton.

"To the stables, to smoke a pipe," answered the young man. "I've been mewed up long enough in a railway carriage. I want to stretch my legs a bit."

Continental travelling had done very little for Sir Rupert Lisle. If there is any peculiar polish to be attained by contact with the more refined inhabitants of foreign cities, Sir Rupert had failed to attain it. Perhaps this foreign polish, whatever its nature may be, requires a certain smoothness in the surface upon which it is to be spread, and may refuse to adhere to the coarser texture of certain cross grained woods. If there is any refining influence in the contemplation of beautiful and sublime scenery, in the sight of perfect and unapproachable works of art, in the vast and reverberating aisles of solemn cathedrals (temples so grand and stately, so hallowed by time and holy association, that the humblest and the roughest nature softens and grows gentle within the shadow of their sacred walls,) in the sound of music, in the gorgeous coloring of Italian skies, the innocent faces of lovely peasant women—if, I say, there is in all these a refining influence which rarely fails to improve the most ordinary mind, that influence had no effect upon the sullen nature of Sir Rupert Lisle. He returned to England, if possible, a greater boor than he had been when he left his native shores. His dress, which had been before his marriage generally chosen for him by the Major, was now in the most execrable taste. He had picked up a coat here, a hat there; a gaudy waistcoat in one city; a pair of jingling spurs and a colored cravat, a gold-mounted cane and an embroidered smoking-cap, in another. Parisian jewelry hung about his waistcoat, and glittered in his shirt front. The Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal had been ransacked to find him emeralds and rubies, opals and turquoises, amethysts and sapphires. Combinations of gems which had never been seen in union before, were made into inharmonious groups by the order of the young Baronet. The fingers of his clumsily-shaped hands were loaded with rings. His watch chain was heavy with the useless ornaments hanging to it. "I'll show them that I could buy up the best of 'em," he said sometimes, when he imagined himself not sufficiently admired or respected by the natives of some city through which he passed. He abused and swore at the innkeepers, in shrill torrents of his native Saxon; and then swore at them again, because they could not understand him. He blundered and vociferated, rudely rejecting all offers of assistance; declaring that he'd make himself understood, or he'd know the reason why. He abused the thin German wines; but drank so freely of those vintages as to travel through the whole of the Belgian, Prussian, and Austrian dominions in a state of semi-intoxication. He yawned at the pictures, and talked aloud in the cathedrals. He openly showed his contempt for the quiet worshippers kneeling at time-honored shrines, and jingled his gilt spurs in the holiest recesses of the sacred fanes through which he scampered. Even the courier shrugged his shoulders, and abandoned his master to his fate.

"For Madame, I will do all my posaible," he would say; "but for M'sieu ——" He would finish his sentence with a series of shrugs and muttered imprecations, and, putting his hands in his pockets, saunter off to the travelling carriage, leaving the Baronet to dispute a bill, or abuse a waiter, as that gentleman's fancy dictated.

"I wash me my hands of him," he muttered; "he is too much English."

For we labor abroad under this disadvantage, that, whenever any particularly objectionable person makes his appearance in a foreign country, he is immediately accepted as a perfect specimen of our British metal; while a more polished Englishman is complimented by being told that he has evidently travelled a great deal, and has improved himself by the example of his neighbors.

And how did Olivia, who had never in her life been too much given to conceal her feelings, how did she endure the boorish manners of her travelling companion? Did it pain her, when the man whom she had sworn to love, honor, and obey, made himself so obnoxious, that the most courteous and well-paid of innkeepers did not attempt to conceal the disgust occasioned by his conduct? Did she blush for his meannesses, or endeavor to remodel his character? No. She sat by his side, with a face which might have been hewn out of marble for any power it had of betraying her emotions. Had he been a tiresome dog, who annoyed the people amongst whom she went, she could scarcely have been so indifferent, for she might then have felt herself called upon to apologize for his misconduct. Do what he would, she never evinced either surprise or displeasure. So complete was her disdain, that it seemed as if she did not or could not either see or hear him. If he swore the most hideous of oaths, she did not shudder. If he tried to oppose her in her dearest wishes, she did not complain, but coldly took her own way. For all his overbearing treatment of other people, he never dared to contradict her. She dragged him after her through picture galleries, till his eyes ached and his knees grew weak beneath him; for while Olivia's constitution was superb, and her energy unfailing, the Baronet's health was sickly, and his frame feeble. Everywhere Lady Lisle was admired and courted. Sir Rupert was gratified in beholding the sensation made by his wife.

"Let her spend my money," he said, "Fling it away, Livy, if you like. There's plenty more at my banker's. Show these foreign impostors that the wife of a rich English Baronet is worth six of their royal duchesses, who live upon four or five hundred a year, and eat nothing but *sour crout.*"

But the bridal tour was over, and Lady Lisle had returned to the splendid house in which she was henceforth to reign supreme. Claribel, who had been so long sole mistress of Lislewood Park, had made her arrangements for leaving immediately upon the arrival of the young couple. Lady Lisle met her mother-in-law in the hall on the morning after her return. Mrs. Walsingham was dressed in travelling costume, and was followed by her maid.

"Why, what is this?" cried Olivia. "Whose are all these portmanteaus?" she asked, looking at some luggage that stood in the hall. "Mrs. Walsingham, you are not going to leave us?"

"I was this moment coming into the library, to bid you good-bye, Lady Lisle," said Claribel, coldly. "I have only been a visitor in my son's house during your honeymoon trip, and I am now going to Brighton, where I have taken apartments. Sir Rupert told me very plainly that our homes must henceforth be separate; though he need scarcely have troubled himself to hint at an arrangement which I had myself concluded upon, even before he spoke."

The impetuous girl, whose looks evinced the greatest possible surprise, caught hold of Mrs. Walsingham's hand, and led her into the library.

"Now, Mrs. Walsingham," she said, placing the elder lady in a chair by the oriel window, "tell me what is the meaning of all this? Sir Rupert has insulted you ——. Oh, as to that," she said, as if in reply to a gesture of Claribel's, "it would scarcely be so unlike him even to insult his mother."

Mrs. Walsingham's eyes filled with tears, and she leaned her head upon her hand, concealing her face from Olivia.

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham," said Lady Lisle, "I know, I know that I, of all others, have the least right to speak to you like this. Whatever your elder son may be, it is not for me, who married him with a perfect, or, at least, with some knowledge of what he was, to utter a word against him. I never have done so, and I never will. I am not very particular in what I say *to* him, as you may one day hear; but I will never speak ill of him to others. But, my dear Mrs. Walsingham, let me implore you, at once and for ever, not to leave this house because I have come into it. I am not a very amiable girl, I know; but I do not think I should ever have it in my heart to offend you. If you can take pity upon a woman who has never known womanly love—take pity upon me! My sisters have never had one spark of true affection for me. They envy me my brilliant fortune. Heaven help me! Take pity upon me, then, and love me, love me, if you can! Believe me, I will do my best to deserve your love. Let me call you mother, for the sake of that mother whom I never knew." And she admired and fascinating Lady Lisle let her head fall upon Claribel's shoulder, and burst into a passion of sobs.

This brief interview had a lasting effect upon the intercourse of the two women. Mrs. Walsingham stopped at Lislewood, refusing to remain beneath the roof of the Baronet, but only removing to the village, where she repurchased the house and grounds which had belonged years before to her maiden aunt, Miss Merton, and which Claribel had left upon her marriage with Sir Reginald Lisle. Perfect confidence and affection reigned for the future between Olivia and her mother-and-law.

Lady Lisle soon convinced the neighboring families (who were very much interested in everything that took place at Lislewood Park) that she was not going to spare her husband's purse. She filled the great house with company, till there was not a garret in the roof untenanted by valets and ladies' maids, who grumbled and groaned at the lack of accommodation. She surrounded herself with noise and gaiety; she gave *fêtes champetres* in the park, and lighted the long avenues with myriads of colored lamps in the dusk of the summer's evening. She superintended in person the building of a range of new stables, with wonderful thatched roofs, and costly arrangements for drainage and constant supplies of water, and filled them with hunters, to be ready for the coming season. She built a riding-school at the back of the house, in which she rode half the morning, flying over leaping-bars, and executing all kinds of alarming equestrian manœuvres. A tennis-court, which had long been disused, was put into repair by her orders, and the balls were flying about half the day among a group of noisy players, with her ladyship, perhaps, at their head. In all this Sir Rupert was the merest cypher. He wrote cheques at his wife's direction,—for one flash of her great black eyes silenced any objection he felt inclined to make. He feared her as he had never in his most craven moments feared any other human being. All that mad and impatient love with which he had urged on the marriage, was gone for ever. She was his! To his coarse and low nature all was said in this. However she might rule him, she was, after all, but a part of his wealth—as much his to dispose of as his horses or his dogs. If he feared her, he also feared them; but they were his own, bought with his own money,—his own to do what he liked with; and so was she.

The summer passed in one perpetual round of gaiety, in which the master of the house seemed so out of place, that he might have been mistaken for one of his own stable-boys. Major Varney, who, with his wife and valet, had been absent on a visit during the summer, returned late in the autumn to take up his abode at Lislewood Park. The Indian officer knew very well how to make himself agreeable to the mistress of the house, and Olivia, who never consulted her husband about anything, was often very glad to avail himself of Major Varney's advice. So summer, autumn, and early winter wore away, and the first year of Lady Lisle's married life drew towards its close, when an event occurred which led to the first positive dispute between the lady and her husband.

Olivia was returning to the park in the dusk of a November evening from a long ride on the downs, attended only by her groom, when her attention was arrested by the appearance of a woman who sat on a low bench just inside the gates, and exactly opposite the lodge once occupied by Gilbert Arnold and his wife. The woman was pale and thin. She was very poorly dressed, and a little bundle lay upon the bench by her side. She looked up as the lodge-keeper opened the gates to admit Olivia, and something in her face, some look of timid supplication and piteous appeal, touched the lady's heart, for she stopped her horse and spoke to the woman.

"What is it, my good woman?" she asked. "Do you want anything of me?" The Baronet's wife had many pensioners, and she dealt out her charities with a spirit and discrimination, which, as the Major said, would have been marvellous in a bench of magistrates. Falsehood and imposture quailed under the straightforward questionings and flashing glances of Olivia Lisle. She looked searchingly at the strange woman, who had risen from the bench to answer her, and saw nothing in the wan and careworn face to awaken her suspicions.

"What is it you want of me, my good woman?" she repeated. She never countenanced any beating about the bush in the method of her pensioners' requests. Whatever they wanted of her they were told to ask for in plain English. No one was so utterly deaf to a hint as Lady Lisle.

"Ma'am, my lady," said the woman, hesitating, as she met the steady gaze of the beautiful black eyes looking down at her, "for you are Lady Lisle, are you not, my lady? You are his wife?"

"The wife of Sir Rupert Lisle. Yes. What is all this about?" asked Olivia, rather sharply.

"Oh, my lady, then, as you are kind and pitiful—for I've heard in the village that you are so—do befriend me by letting me see him. Let me see him—Sir Rupert, I mean. I don't ask any more."

"But you've heard once for all that Sir Rupert won't see you, haven't you?" said the lodge keeper, a sharp-nosed woman, who had come out to listen to this dialogue; "which she did, my lady. She's been here, worriting, ever since two o'clock this day, 'Could she go up to the house to see Sir Rupert?' which I told her No. 'Could she wait till Sir Rupert came out, and see him then?' which I told her that very likely Sir Rupert warn't a comin' out, as the cold weather didn't agree with his poor chest. 'Then might she send him a scrap of paper—just a scrap of a old envelope, with her name wrote on it in pencil?' and she worrited, and cried, and went on so, that at last I gave way to her whims, which, as your ladyship knows, was not my place, and I sent my eldest boy up to the house with the scrap of paper as she'd wrote her name on. When, what was the consequence? Why, my boy comes back and says as how the footman told him as it was like his imperdence to carry such messages; for when Sir Rupert laid his eyes upon the paper, he burst out a swearin' and cussin', and said if he see that name again, or heerd that name again, or was any way bothered by such rubbish, those as bothered him should make acquaintance with the inside of Lewes Jail."

"He did, he did!" cried the woman, sitting down upon the bench, and rocking herself backwards and forwards in an agony of grief. "He did; he said those bitter, cruel words, he did!"

Lady Lisle sprang from her horse, and flung the reins to her groom.

"Take him to the stables, Lewis," she said; "I shall walk to the house with this woman."

"It's too bad as Sir Rupert should be worrited by every trap in the county," said the

lodge-keeper; "with his delicate health, too, poor dear gentleman!"

"Hold your tongue, will you!" cried Olivia. "Now, my good woman," she added, gathering up the folds of her riding-habit, "come with me to the house, and on the way there you can tell me what all this means. Who are you, and what do you want with Sir Rupert Lisle?"

The woman hesitated for some moments, during which Olivia watched her intently.

"You may have heard my name, my lady," she answered, at length. "I knew Sir Rupert when he was a boy, and did my best, God knows, in my poor way, to rear him well, and treat him kindly; but there was others in the way as came between me and him, and he not taking to me, or caring for me, as he might have done,—as he might have done——" (her tears broke out afresh as she said these words.) "I couldn't keep him out of all harm, try how I could. But I didn't think, I never, never could have thought that he would serve me like this!"

"But, good heavens!" cried Lady Lisle, whose small stock of patience was nearly exhausted by the woman's tears and lamentations,—"for mercy's sake, tell me who you are, and what you are, and how you came to have anything to do with my husband!"

"I am the wife of that Gilbert Arnold, my lady, the lodge-keeper of whom you may have heard."

"I have heard the whole story," said Olivia, sternly, "and a very bad story it is,—a wicked and a shameful plot, and I think your husband was very lucky to get off as he did, without being made to pay for his villany."

"Heaven knows, I had no hand in that bad plot, my lady," said the woman. "Heaven knows how sorry I am that ever it was thought of. A bad and cruel plot, that can never bring anything but misery to those that had a hand in it—misery to the villain that planned it, and the villain that carried it out, and misery to me, that am as innocent of it as the babe unborn."

"Is this true?" asked Lady Lisle.

"As true as there is light in heaven, my lady. If I wasn't innocent, and if your husband did not know that I was innocent, should I come here to ask for help from him?"

"I think I may venture to believe you," said Olivia: "but now tell me what brought you here? I understood that you and your husband sailed for America more than a year ago."

"We did, my lady; and he is there now, as I think. He never treated me kind at the best of times, and when we got to that distant place, and landed at New York, he used me more cruel than he had ever done before, for he knew that I had friends in England, but there I had not one. We hadn't been there long when he left me, on the pretence of going many miles to choose a piece of land to build a house on, and he took the best part of the money and almost everything we had with him, leaving me but a few pounds, to live, as he said, till he came back. He never came back, my lady, and, from that day to this, I have never heard a word of him. Some kind people in New York came to know my story, and got me a place as servant, and very good wages—for English servants are scarce over there,—and I pinched and scraped to save the money to pay my passage home: for I thought that if I could but get back here, Sir Rupert, out of all his riches, would "—I surely give me enough to end my days in peace and quiet. I am not old," she added, as if in answer to a look from Lady Lisle; "Miss Clarissa Merton (Mrs. Walsingham that is,) and I, were just of an age: but I feel old, for I have suffered so much. And to think that he should treat me so; to think that he should treat me so!" she cried, half to herself.

They had reached the house by this time. Lady Lisle ran up the steps.

"Come this way with me," she said to Rachel Arnold, and, hurrying across the hall, she turned into a passage that led to the back of the house, and walked straight into the billiard-room, followed by the poacher's wife.

Sir Rupert Lisle was at the other end of the room. He was stooping over the table to take a ball out of one of the pockets, and did not perceive his wife's entrance. The room was full of gentlemen, among whom was Major Varney, who, with his usual good nature, was officiating as marker.

"Then I score another twenty for you, my Rupert," he said. "What a player the boy is becoming!"

"I don't want any of your chaff," replied the Baronet, his head still stooping over the table. "If I play bad, other people play bad besides me. I don't see that you're any of you such an overbright lot."

"Sir Rupert Lisle!" exclaimed Olivia, her clear voice ringing through the room, as she pronounced her husband's name.

The Baronet raised his head, and looked at his wife. Only at her for a moment though, for in the next instant his eye had caught the sickly, pale face of the woman standing a little way behind Olivia, and he grew as white as a corpse.

"What do you bring beggar women into my house for, Lady Lisle?" he shouted, with an oath. "Is a man of my station and my wealth to be tormented by every tramp who chooses to ask for money? How dare you bring beggars into this room, Olivia? How dare you? I've borne enough of your mad pranks, and spent money enough on your vagaries; but I won't bear this. Curse me, if I'll bear this."

His face changed from pale to scarlet, and the perspiration broke out in great beads upon his forehead.

"Am I never to have any peace?" he roared. "Am I never to be let alone? Is isn't one, nor two, nor four, but it will be twenty before it's all done. Money here and money there! What's the fortune to me, if I am not to keep a penny of it? What's this fine house to me, if I'm never to sleep in peace in it? What is it to be now? What do they want of me now?"

Rachel Arnold ran to him, and falling on her knees at his feet, caught one of his hands in both of hers, and kissed it passionately.

"Only a little pity, dear," she said, as the young man tried to snatch his hand from her, muttering curses all the time; "only a little mercy, dear. For the sake of the love I bore you when you were a child; for the sake of the tears I've shed for you years and years ago. Have pity upon me—have pity upon your—"

The poor creature, still kneeling on the ground and clinging to his hand, lifted up her face, all blotted by a rain of tears, in supplication, as she spoke. In a mad fury, such as those who had seen him at his worst had never seen before, the Baronet, with his disengaged fist, struck the wretched woman full in the face; so violently, that the blood gushed in a torrent from a cut across her upper lip.

Rachel Arnold fell to the ground with a stifled shriek.

Lady Lisle, with one dark scornful glance at the Baronet, rushed to assist the unhappy creature. The spectators looked at each other, and a murmur of indignation ran round the room.

Major Varney had deserted his occupation as marker, and drawn near the Baronet during this scene, and at the moment when the woman fell to the ground, he caught Sir Rupert Lisle by the throat, and flung him violently against the wall of the room.

"You ruffian!" he cried, "you mean, pitiful hound! you contemptible villain! without one redeeming touch of common humanity! I swear to you that, if I had known what you really are, you might have rotted piecemeal in the garret where I found you before I would have soiled my hands by lifting a finger of them to help you. I don't believe in all Newgate there is a wretch who would have done what you did just this moment. Dog! I spit at you and hate you! and hate myself for being mixed up with you."

No one had ever until now seen Major Varney out of temper. Tall and powerful, he seemed, as he towered above the cowering figure of the Baronet, pinioned to the wall, and looking as if he would have gladly shrunk into that very wall to hide himself from the indignant eyes that were upon him,—Major Varney, I say, contrasted with the feebler villain, seemed almost sublime in his rage.

"I didn't mean to hurt her," gasped the Baronet, livid and trembling. "Why did she aggravate me so? What do I want with tramps hugging and kissing me, and making me look like a fool before my own visitors in my own house? Why the devil did Olivia bring her here? She must have done it on purpose to torment me. If she wants a five-pound note I'll give it her, and let her take herself off. She's not wanted here, and she shan't stay here. Curse her white face—"

"She shall stay here as long as she pleases," said Major Varney. "She shall stay here to bear witness against you for a black-hearted scoundrel. She will carry the mark of this day's work to her dying day, and she shall carry it for a witness against you. I'm not over soft-hearted, as you know," added the Major, with his old laugh, and something of his old self; "but I can remember my mother, for I loved her before the world had taught me to take care of myself; and I'll never see a woman struck; least of all will I see that woman struck by you."

"But you do not know all, Major Varney," said Lady Lisle, who had, with the help of the bystanders, raised Rachel Arnold into a chair; "you do not know, perhaps, that this woman is utterly innocent of the plot against Sir Rupert's Lisle's fortune, and that she was his good and kind friend at a time that he had very few friends. We have seen how bravely he has returned her devotion."

"Hold your tongue, will you!" cried Sir Rupert, savagely.

The Major had released him by this time, and he was awkwardly trying to twist his neckcloth into shape, looking about him, as he did so, with a defiant scowl.

"I wish you'd keep your finger out of the pie, Olivia Lisle," he said. "You're a good one to talk about devotion! You know such a lot about it! You've shown such devotion for me, haven't you? Yes, devotion for a good long purse; that's the only kind of devotion I've ever had from you."

She drew herself to her fullest height, and swept past him without a word; but at the door she turned round, and addressed him before the whole assembly.

"To my dying day I will never forgive you for your conduct of to-day, Sir Rupert Lisle, any more than I will forgive myself for having been so base a wretch as to marry you."

She was gone before he could attempt to reply. As the door closed upon her, and as his visitors, one by one, dropped away from him and left the room, he threw himself into a chair, and, leaning his head against the billiard-table, began to cry and whimper like a peevish child.

"How hard it is," he whined, "how hard it is! I wish I was dead! I wish I was a dog! I wish I was anything or anywhere out of this! If I was only out of this!"

Olivia sent the housekeeper to take charge of Rachel Arnold. The unhappy woman was conducted to a comfortable room, where one of the maids assisted her to undress, and watched by her bedside till the doctor came to dress the wound upon her mouth.

The dinner that day was a very dreary one. Olivia went straight to her father's house, and did not return that evening. The Baronet dined in his own room, and Major Varney officiated in his stead. But though he did his best to talk and laugh away the impression of the scene which had been, half an hour before, enacted in the billiard room, he could not succeed in doing so, and a cloud hung over the spirits of every one present.

It is not a pleasant thing to eat the best of dinners at the expense of a host whom you despise, and there was not a guest at Sir Rupert's table who would not sooner have shared a slice of fat bacon with any honest chawbacon in all Sussex, than have broken bread with the master of Lislewood Park.

"I call the exposure of to-day a very awful thing, sir," said an elderly man to his neighbor at the dinner table; "for I take it as a sign of the deterioration in the blood of our great county families. The Lisles, sir, have been accounted the noblest gentlemen in Sussex for upwards of six hundred years, and I can assure you the conduct of that young man to-day was a severe blow to my feelings."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT BELMINSTER.

Walter Remorden found plenty to do in the town of Belminster. Although the grass grew in the stony square before the minster; although the fly-blown fashion-book in the window of Miss Fagg, the milliner of High Street, was a year and a half old to the outer world before it appeared as a novelty in Belminster; although there were a hundred different ways in which the little Yorkshire town was a century behind larger and busier cities, there were some things in the cultivation of which it was on a level with the gayest watering-place, or the most crowded manufacturing town in England.

Alas! that I should have to write it, those things in which Belminster was *not* behind hand, were the crimes and vices that cast their hideous shadows often in the fairest places. Belminster for wickedness was quite in advance of the age,—or, shall I not rather say, it was sadly and cruelly behind the age, by reason of its isolation, which kept it in the darkness, while new lights were shining in upon the obscurity of places more frequented and better known?

The Belminster people had been left to work their own wickedness their own way. The dismal streets, so quiet and peaceful in the day, were noisy at night with rioting and debauchery; with dreadful language issuing from the lips of girls so young, they might have only lately cast aside the serge frock of the National School. The late rector of St. Mary's, Belminster, was a lazy old man, who made personal allusions to the members of his congregation in his sermons, sometimes addressing them by name, and always making them laugh. But as he gave away a great deal of good old wine and strong soup, with flannel, coals, and beef, at Christmas: and as he never troubled his head about the concerns of his parishioners, he was universally beloved, and followed to the grave by all Belminster, lamenting him with weeping and moaning; and afterwards getting up a drunken fight to finish the evening.

The new rector was quite a different man. The son of a small farmer, he had begun life upon a curacy of fifty-five pounds a year in a fenny village in Lincolnshire, and had slowly worked his way into the good estimation of the Archbishop of York by such acts of self denial and devoted exertion as had made his name known, and loved, and feared wherever he had set his foot in the course of his wanderings.

This was the man for Belminster. The thunder of his voice shook the lofty roof of St. Mary's church. He reprobated the vices of the people; but he took care to show them how they might amend. He was not afraid of sin: he never shuddered at its aspect, or drew himself away from the haunts of iniquity; but he hunted it down, and hand to hand with it, struggled and conquered. He did not cross to the other side of the way if a wretched woman crept by him; but he would grasp her by her fluttering shawl as she brushed by his side, and would ask her then and there why she was thus, and if she meant always to continue thus, without hope or effort for amendment? He would kick aside the halfpence with which a knot of idle boys were playing pitch and toss at a street corner, and would bid the urchins go and work in his garden, and earn a sixpence by the sweat of their brows,—as he earned his livelihood, he would add, pointing to his forehead, upon which the perspiration often stood from his exertions in hurrying from cottage to cottage in the heat of the summer's day.

He always dragged himself down to the level of the people to whom he spoke; not ostentatiously, not by a figure of speech, as false as it was shallow, but positively and practically; and he would not be contented till he had made his hearer see and feel the parallel.

"*You* are a working man, and *I* am a working man," he would say to some idle, drunken bricklayer. "You neglect your work, and here you are worrying the parish for relief, when you ought to be earning thirty shillings a week. You were idle, I suppose, and got drunk, and so were dismissed by your master. Do you think it would be no pleasure to me to drink a bottle of old port, and loll at home all day reading the newspaper? Of course it would; but I *mustn't do it!* and, what's more, you mustn't do it! or, if you do, you must take the consequences, which, I tell you pretty plainly, will be starvation."

Nine times out of ten this reasoning was entirely successful. The man would pick himself up, lounge away from the public-house, and go and get work, if it was to be had, which it generally is, if people will only look for it.

Mr. Hayward never tried to beguile grown men and women with pretty lollipop sayings that nobody ever believed in. He did not tell wretched creatures, lying in shived-up hovels, to which the pure air never penetrated, that if they were only good they would be sure to be happy, and that a contented mind will make a hut into a palace. No; he told them that they must not be contented with dirt and filth, but that they must cover over drains, and break open windows, and scrub, scour, whitewash, and purify; and then, and not till then, they might sit down and be contented. In all of which works he would substantially assist them: and when it was all done, and the house was cleansed, and the eldest girl rescued from the wretched streets, and sent away to a reformatory, established by the rector and the charitable inhabitants of Belminster, a few miles out of the town; when the eldest boy had been cured of playing pitch and toss at street corners, and sent into a foundry to earn five shillings a week; when the little ones were in the National School, and the father had succeeded in getting a job at his own trade; then the rector set to work to teach these people how to be good, and then, and not till then, he found them apt pupils. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

OF ALL THINGS DO NOT FORGET THIS.—Of all things we hope our friends will not forget the new year—and that there are many thousands of people whom a paper like THE POST would exactly suit. Our new PREMIUM MAP will recompense any one for the trouble of getting up a small club for us, among acquaintances to whom THE POST has never gone. If every old subscriber would get us even a small club of four new ones, it would probably make the sun of 1863 shine very brightly to us.

OUR PREMIUM MAP.

It was Dr. Holmes, we think, who said, "In these days we can live upon bread and the newspapers." He might have added, "and maps," close at hand, to localize accurately, by instant reference, the spot in our country suddenly made important by the last event the newspapers flash upon us. For it may be, indeed it generally is, a place so insignificant, that one's ordinary knowledge of geography does not suffice. Who, out of Virginia, ever heard of Bull's Run? Who ever heard of Waterloo before the battle that rang its name through the world? A map of the States which are and will be the theatre of war, has become to the American public one of the necessities of life.

The morning the telegraph announced that the destination of the naval expedition was Port Royal and Beaufort, the question instantly was the exact relation of those places to Charleston and Savannah. Our map was at hand. A glance at the coast line fixed in our mind correctly the position of Beaufort. The place it had been suggested the fleet would land—Bull's Bay—(people were grimly merry over that disastrous alliteration)—is above Charleston. Who would be content with ignorance in these matters, when knowledge is so easily obtained? The map, in these days, should be constantly at hand in every dwelling; for the children, where there are such, especially. The Map we furnish as a premium is an admirable one, and club subscribers will find it well worth the fifty cents we ask for it. The postage is prepaid by us.

SO FAR, SO WELL.

The Port Royal Forts in our possession, we may say, "so far, so well."

In the capture of the Forts, our navy fully proved that it had not degenerated since the glorious days of old. In fact, the fast-spreading belief in the superiority of earthen to wooden walls is somewhat arrested by these gallant affairs at Hatteras and Port Royal. The Rebels evidently supposed that they could sink or burn our vessels, or at least drive them off; but they had not counted on such a torrent of bomb-shells as Captain Dupont poured into their midst. As the line of battle came round for the third time in a terrible oval of shot and shell, the "chivalry" began to find the place too hot for them, and remembered what they had learned in their school-days, "the better part of valor is discretion."

And now, what next? In the first place, the land forces are to be strongly reinforced. This would seem to be imperatively necessary, if anything of a really important character is to be done.

We further read what seems to be semi-official from Washington:—

The Government will hold fast to its victory, and, to push commerce along at once, the port will be made a regular collection district, and a collector appointed without delay.

The next port to be opened will most probably be Brunswick, which has a fine harbor, and to which the products of Georgia can flow, that is, if the citizens are so disposed. Beaufort, therefore, will represent South Carolina, and Brunswick (most likely) Georgia, as ports of entry, Charleston and Savannah meanwhile being closed up by our fleet.

In order that an inducement shall at once be held out for the Carolinians to open trade again with the North, it is reported that Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, will dispatch a vessel at an early day, laden deeply with such articles as the South is sorely pressed for, and offer the same at reasonable rates, in exchange for cotton, rice, sugar, or any merchantable product that may be offered.

Of the wisdom of an attempt being made, as denoted above, to reopen the cotton trade, it is of course difficult for those not in authority to judge. It is evident, however, that at present the Rebels have it in their power to prevent such a traffic if they choose. Only as our army advances inland, and commands large districts of country, would the effort to export cotton practically amount to anything, without permission of the Rebel leaders. It may be, however, that the desire of many of the planters to sell their cotton would overpower their dislike to coming anew under the authority of the Union.

We suppose it is argued moreover, that sufficient ports being once more opened, and the exportation of cotton allowed by the Federal government, the refusal of the Rebel leaders to allow it to come forward would remove all sympathy from them on the part of England and France. That there is some force in this view is evident.

On the other hand, if the Rebels are allowed to turn their cotton into cash, will it not give them fresh means of waging the war?

Well, a foothold has been gained upon "the sacred soil of South Carolina!" It would be unwise to imagine that it is more than a foothold. In fact, if we are not mistaken, now comes the real tug of the war. Everything now depends upon the far-seeing eye, the daring hand, the dauntless heart. Have we such qualities among our political and military leaders? The future will make manifest.

FREMONT.

It is amusing to note the contradictory charges brought by certain members of the press against Gen. Fremont.

For a time, the charge that all the alleged discontent of the officers and men at Springfield was a got-up story—"designed for theatrical effect"—had full run. And as that seemed a tolerably satisfactory version, we might have supposed it would have been adhered to.

But suddenly the ground is shifted. Now it is said that there really was considerable of an excitement, and that many of the officers openly counselled resistance to Gen. Hunter's taking command. The account goes on:—

"In the end, however, wiser counsels prevailed, *Generals Sigel and Asboth both refusing to countenance or be concerned in the mutiny; and Gen. Fremont, it must be said, either not knowing anything of the contemplated movements, or opposing them, as in duty bound, with all his force. On this point, however, we are in the dark.* Certain only it is that a council, now known as the 'Council of Insubordination,' was held last evening only a few hours before Gen. Hunter's arrival; that regular invitations to it had been issued, and that the affair looked very threatening until suppressed by the emphatic course of Gen. Siegel."

Now, bear this in mind. Generals Sigel and Asboth have always been represented to be strong personal friends of Fremont—Gen. Asboth particularly, who, we believe, was brought over from Europe by Fremont, because he knew his military ability.

Would it not be just as well, therefore, to infer from the course of these friends of Fremont, that Fremont's influence *was* exerted steadily in favor of subordination and military discipline, and that his noble and eloquent parting address to the army contained the sincere language of his heart?

In connection with the above, a correspondent of the *Washington Star* says:—

The German branch of the Fremont conspiracy out West seems to have reached its culminating point. The Chicago *Staats Zeitung* brought, a few days ago, the news that the Eleventh Wisconsin regiment had refused to march from Madison to Missouri, because Fremont had been superseded in command. In Muscatine, Iowa, a German meeting has been held, at which a resolution was adopted declaring that it would have been better to dissolve twenty cabinets than to supersede Fremont. Secretaries Cameron and Seward are more eagerly attacked by Red Republican papers—such as the *Auszieger des Westens*, at St. Louis (two absent editors of which are our Consuls in Bremen and Zurich), the *Staats Zeitung*, at Chicago, (the owner of which is Consul in Bremen,) the New York *Abend Zeitung* (the editor of which enjoys a lucrative position in the New York Custom House), the Davenport Democrat, and one or two more papers—than has ever been done by the fiercest Democratic sheets. They openly talk treason and incite the masses to disobedience.

For ourselves, we regret very much the conduct referred to above—though we doubt that the German press and troops are open to such a special condemnation. We would say to all the Western friends of Gen. Fremont, that anything like insubordination will injure instead of aid him. The administration has taken a responsibility which it had a right to take, and the country should now wait patiently to see the manifestations of that superior generalship which we are promised in Missouri.

OLD PENNSYLVANIA.

The success of our fleet at Port Royal was probably due in no small degree to Hubbell's famous "thunderbolt shells," whose construction is not known to the rebels, though they have been used in the navy for fourteen years. The "thunderbolt shells" are said to be one of the most terrible and effective missiles in existence, and are the invention of W. B. Hubbell, Esq., of this city, who has a contract with the government for their use.

The Wabash, which so nobly led the van in the recent engagement, was built in Pennsylvania; Capt. Dahlgren, the inventor of the famous gun of that name, so largely used in the naval service, is a Pennsylvanian; and the "thunderbolt shells," which our vessels threw at the rate of 2,000 an hour, are also to be credited to Pennsylvania.

GEN. SHERMAN'S PROCLAMATION.—Reading that Proclamation almost took away all the glory of the Port Royal business out of us. To think of talking in that weak and wishy-washy way to *South Carolinians* of all men in the world—"*great sovereign state*," "*proud and hospitable people*," "*pleasantest days of my life*," "*no personal animosity*," &c.—all this to a state full nine-tenths of whose white citizens are arrant rebels!

Well, we are tired of fault-finding. The country seems to have made up its mind to take the long way round in this war, and we know we all shall have a very fine time of it before we get to the end of the journey. Still if the people enjoy these times, why should they not have the full benefit of them.

THICK SHOES FOR COLD WEATHER.

On this subject the press and the doctors have made a pretty deep impression by their constant hammering. Men are seldom, if ever, seen transgressing the laws of common sense in relation to their clothing, but the stronger, bolder sex who are not afraid of Winter, but may be found facing him in thin shoes and flying sleeves, these wilful sinners whom it would not be courteous to call foolhardy, still need line upon line and precept upon precept. Let your shoes be of good leather, and soled like those of men, and don't put off wearing them till a cold fastens upon you so deeply as to last the season. The surest, quickest way that a cold can take to conquer you is up from the damp floor ground through the soles of your feet. The state of your *soul* is all important, spiritually; the state of your *sole* is just as vital a matter physically.

Good shoes are *fashionable* now—of this our lady readers may be assured. It looks poverty-stricken, and it is considered vulgar, which means poverty-stricken in spirit, to walk on the snow with paper soles, or practise any other such audacious experiments as American ladies have so largely ventured upon in times past. The high English authorities, from the sensible Queen down through all ranks of noble ladies, who clothe themselves as comfort dictates, settled that matter. The best sense is the highest tone.

"OPEN THE POTOMAC."

We perceive in some of our conservative contemporaries a desire to hasten the course of events on the Potomac. We hope there will be nothing of this. If Gen. McClellan is the man we take him to be, he ought to know whether it were best to try to open the navigation of the Potomac or not. Besides, the movements in that quarter so far have been so unfortunate, that we confess we never hear that the army of the Potomac is advancing without considerable trepidation. And we hope the press will not give the military leaders at Washington another opportunity to saddle a great defeat upon its shoulders. So far as our counsel can avail anything, it shall be that the army of the Potomac keep itself safe and generally comfortable, and let well enough alone. We hope it will take its own time, and not go forward anywhere, or do anything, until it feels reasonably confident of success, and ready to shoulder the responsibility of its own actions.

BEAUFORT.

According to the Charleston papers, this town, though repeatedly visited by parties from the fleet, had not been taken possession of by Gen. Sherman. It was also said that the Rebels were preparing to defend it. Late advices from the fleet, said that Gen. Sherman would occupy it on the 14th. He was engaged in constructing fortifications on Hilton's Island, to render his position impregnable. A line of entrenchments will be thrown across the island, with bastions at proper supporting distances, so as to allow a cross fire from each. To arm this, he has upwards of one hundred pieces of heavy artillery, all of them of the most approved patterns, and some of them rifled.

Hilton Island, on which our troops are, is eleven miles long and seven miles wide. It is famous for its growth of long staple, or sea island cotton. This year's crop has only been partially gathered.

AERATED BREAD.

At last the public are offered bread that *is* bread. Such stuff as the bakers have been passing off upon us for the staff of life, would move our indignation if we were forced to eat it; as it is, we are accustomed to dismissing it with a laugh, and "What a humbug! one might as well try to live on cotton wool!" But this new process of raising bread seems to us an absolute success. We have tasted that manufactured by Van Riper & Camp, corner of Buttonwood and Broad streets, Philadelphia, and sold by J. H. Campbell, Germantown, and found it all it claims to be—clean and pure, perfectly sweet and thoroughly wholesome—such an article as the most conscientious housekeeper may dispense without anxiety. When we consider the quantities of bad bread that have been produced by fermentation and by the use of alkalies, the importance of a simple and certain process like this of aeration, may be imagined.

CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

By our news columns our readers will see that that "very remarkable traitor," Ex-Senator Mason, of Virginia, and that cunning fox, Slidell, of Louisiana, have both been caught on their way to England and France, to which nations they were going as Rebel Ministers! "Dixie's Land" will be in a ferment when it hears of it.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—Of the Drosera, which is said to kill flies, we know nothing beyond what we have published.—We suppose the insect gets into the hickory nut before the shell is hardened.

MISSOURI.—The first move of the new general is back to St. Louis. We suppose it is all right, but how certain editors would have laughed if Fremont had made it.

MR. JAMES JOHNSTON, Box 292, Piqua, Ohio, wishes to know the address of Mr. Kendall, of Maryland, of Peruvian Cotton celebrity.

☞ Upwards of fifty thousand horses have been bought in Cincinnati for the Government since the breaking out of the rebellion. The army "regulation" horse is fifteen or sixteen hands high, between four and nine years old, perfectly sound, square trotter, and color bay, brown, black or sorrel.

☞ If our clothes are not well cut, we are very apt to be cut ourselves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SILVER CORD. A Novel. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Some standard in regard to what constitutes a good novel, would be required before pronouncing an unhesitating verdict upon the merits of the book before us; and such a standard is more difficult to decide upon in these days than formerly. Modern fiction is essentially different in aim and treatment from the old-fashioned romances which were among Quakers stigmatized in a lump as "pernicious books," to be avoided equally with "the corrupt conversation of the world." Nearly all lessons of morals, manners, and even of religion, are taught in these parables now-a-days. The romance of love still forms, it is true, the great staple of fiction, in feminine hands especially, from the exalted and undying love pictured by Miss Muloch, to the sentiment compounded of love and piety, soft speeches and Bible readings of the good little heroines of the Misses Wetherill, or to the more impassioned creations of Julia Kavanagh. In the masculine novels, of which the works of Thackeray and Trollope are the types and leaders, the love story takes a subordinate place, and the interest is concentrated upon the movements of social and political life. A still higher class of fiction is that which deals with the mysterious phases and trials of the inner life, giving shape to the otherwise indescribable phenomena of temptation, struggle and spiritual growth which lie hid in the experience of every strong and true nature. Such are the works of Hawthorne, and of the author of Adam Bede. Besides all these there is another class, lower in aim, but still admitting much display of power, where the attention of the reader is enchained by the intricacy and interest of the plot, while characterization and moral purpose hold a comparatively insignificant place. Of this style, "The Silver Cord" is the most brilliant example we remember to have lately met with. If the reader desires mere mental stimulus, or distraction from some harrassing and persistent train of thought, we can recommend this book as an efficient dose. We know of two well-seasoned novel readers who were beguiled into the "small hours" by the excitement of unravelling the tangled skein of the plot. From the first scene, which describes vividly and naturally the return of a happy husband and father to his home to find it made desolate by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of his beloved wife, the interest never flags. Toward the last, indeed, the plot becomes too complicated, and some points are not explained with sufficient clearness; but still the interest runs on till the last page unabated. The villain is a most unexceptionably wicked villain, smooth, subtle, and Mephistophilian, and we are very glad to see him signally discomfited at last. Charles Hawkesley, the playwright, his charming wife, and the good-natured manager, Aventayle, furnish lighter shades to the otherwise too melodramatic story.

Altogether, though unable to recommend this as a *good* book, for some points in the story are very exceptionable, we can assure our readers that it is good as a mere novel, so good, in fact, that it ought to be much better than it is. Shirley Brooks cannot take rank among the great novelists of the day, but while he writes such books as "The Silver Cord," must be content with the station of Emperor or Great Mogul of the realm of "yellow-covered literature."

We must not omit mention of the illustrations of the volume, which we presume to be from the pencil of Millais, and which are more remarkably graphic than the story itself. Those in which M. Silvain, the little French perfumer, figures, are comic enough to excite a smile in any one who recognizes in them an admirable hit at the exaggeration which often reduces French heroism to heroics, French sentiment to sentimentalism, even while there is at bottom much to respect and admire; and the other cuts equally well illustrate the text, which is not always the case with the so-called "illustrations" of a volume.

MY Country! if a wretch should e'er arise,
Out of thy countless sons, who would curtail
Thy freedom, dim thy glory—while he lives,
May all earth's people curse him—for of all
Hast thou secured the blessing;—and if one
Exist who would not arm for Liberty,
Be he, too, cursed living, and when dead,
Let him be buried downwards, with his face
Looking below, and e'er his coward grave
The hare skulk in her form. —*Fistus.*

☞ The Louisville Journal truly says that the discharge of our duty at the present time involves the discharge of cannon and small arms.

☞ Quilp hearing a lady reading lately, in a newspaper, that in certain parts of Wales it is the custom to plant thorns and thistles on the graves of old bachelors, remarked:—"That is another instance of the great law of compensation. If one escapes thorns and thistles in life, he must expect them after death."

☞ The snuff-taker is irreverent; he looks upon God's beautiful world merely as something to be sneeze'd at.

☞ Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

WITH Prue, the pretty Quakeress,
I fell in love,—who wouldn't?
I gently pressed her for a kiss,
But Prue thought 'twasn't prudent.
What if with force I take it, then,
I whispered, still persistent.
She sighed, 'twill be quite cruel, when
You know I'm non-resistant.

☞ THE FAMILY.—There is nothing in this world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as that of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of the affections.—*Pres. Dwight.*

ARAMINTA'S VIEWS OF THE WAR

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"It is so dreadful, you know, to think of the bloodshed, for the sight of a cut finger always makes me faint dead away; I am so sensitive, mamma says. And then, too, the war is taking all the gentlemen from us, and we don't know but that they will come back with wooden legs, or some horrid deformity. Just think! Albert is going, too, and he was learning to do the German so nicely. And it requires so much money to keep it up, that I expect we will be wearing calico before it is over. Why, I have not had a single piece of jewelry this season. It is just like that terrible time—the panic of '57, you know—when all the newspapers were full of pieces about how the extravagance of the ladies was ruining the country. When I ask pa for a new dress, he looks unspeakably shocked, and exclaims, 'Clothes! clothes! will women ever think of anything but clothes?' (He actually calls all my nice articles of apparel *clothes*, as if I were a charity child, dressed in Dorcas Society linsey.) 'Have you no feeling for your country?' he says. 'Think of the condition it is in, and let me hear no more of luxurious wants.' I am sure I do think enough about the state of the country, and cried until I was a perfect fright, over Dr. Lingo's Fast Day sermon. He spoke so touchingly of Lucifer's rebellion, and made him out to be so elegant and handsome. I knit a pair of stockings for the soldiers, all but turning the heels, which Bridget did for me. To be sure, I couldn't get them the right shape, and one was twice as large as the other, but there must be all sorts of feet among so many men, and they might be very thankful to get any kind, if they knew how the coarse yarn hurt my fingers.

"This war has just been brought on by Abolitionists, at any rate, for I met a Southern gentleman at Newport last summer, that told me all about it. He was related to the Masons and all the best blood in Virginia, and assured me that he had been in the confidence of the—the rebels (don't you think it is hard to call them so?) from the very beginning, and he says if only the North had let them alone, and given them what they asked for, they would have kept quiet, and they never would have thought of introducing slavery into Pennsylvania or the New England States. As for the Western people, they are always complaining that they cannot get 'help,' as they call it, and they might be very glad to get the darkies. But I was telling you about the gentleman I met at Newport. He said the North was waging this unrighteous war to exterminate the Southern aristocrats, and to obtain possession of their fine, rich country, but they never would conquer 'until the last drop of Southern blood had been spilled upon the altar of liberty.' That was just what he said, and you couldn't help believing him, for he was so handsome, with the most perfect moustache, and when he spoke of the wrongs they had suffered from the d—d Yankees (you know Southern gentlemen will swear), it used to curl with scorn. And oh, he was so brave! it was said that he had killed three men in duels, and when I asked him if it was true, he did not deny it, but only replied that the honor of a Southern gentleman must be maintained at all hazards. Papa couldn't bear to see me with him, because he said (only think of it!) that he looked like a Schuylkill Ranger, with his pistols and bowie knife in his belt; and when I was embroidering a tobacco pouch for him, papa advised me to take the money the materials would cost and buy him a spittoon, for the benefit of the hotel carpets. But you know papa is so unromantic; however, while he was napping, we took delightful walks on the beach, and he used to say *such things* to me in French, not at all what would be the thing in English, but French is so different, you know, so much more affectionate. He had been splendidly educated at Yale College, but he assured me that there were many institutions far superior to it in the South, and that the Southern people generally were much more intelligent than the Yankees. How he did detest the Yankees, and I am sure I do, too, for I had a Yankee teacher once that was so cross and hateful; and I don't wish them any success in this war, for it is exactly like those fanatical, long-named Puritans fighting with the handsome, generous Cavaliers, in their beautiful laced coats. I know it is all the fashion to abuse the poor Cavaliers, because they were not very good, and to talk about the moral character of the Puritans, but I stick to my liking for the splendid, brave Cavaliers, and I only wish this war would end, so that we could renew our intercourse with the South, and I could get some new dresses and things.

"Wasn't it spiteful in Miss Dix to refuse all nurses under thirty? I am sure I don't expect to have any more sense of propriety—if that was what she thought young nurses would be wanting in—when I am thirty than I have now. I thought they would have brought on loads of the dear, wounded soldiers to Philadelphia, and I would join the Corps of Nurses, and wear that becoming uniform, and I had actually ordered a pair of boots to lace up the ankles, and they did fit *so* nicely! You know all sorts of romantic things might have happened, like the denouement in that delightful, wicked book, 'Sword and Gown.' I should not have wanted to nurse the privates, though I would have given them tracts and things to do them good, but it would have been such fun to have made jellies and things for the officers, and taken them to them one's own self!

"But, I declare! I am talking you to death! I thought as you had been away all summer, you would like to know all about the war, and what we have been doing for the army." And Araminta ceased, not in the least out of breath, whilst I sat gasping and feeling my intellect sensibly weakening under the outpouring. What shall I do to restore my mental balance? I will go home and read twenty pages of "Locke on the Human Understanding." HESTER ALLISON.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A PLEA FOR HOOPS.

BY A LADY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

So much has been said against this article of dress, so much reasoning, ridicule and indignation lavished upon it by those who, begging their pardon, know very little what they are talking about, that I think it is time something was said on the other side. There are substantial reasons for the ladies clinging so persistently to this most abused, most inconvenient, and most comfortable of fashions. Its inconvenience is patent to all, its inexpressible comfort is known to the ladies only. It is but fair that the one should be allowed to plead for the other in the minds of injured gentlemen as some palliation for the outrages put upon them every day of their lives, in the crowded streets, the cars, the public assemblies, every place where men and women congregate. I have no wish to extenuate the offence of the thing, or deny its innumerable provocations—they are often too much even for the courtesy and patience of American gentlemen; but I am sure if these same exasperated gentlemen were aware of the many good reasons on its side apart from the flimsy one of fashion, it would sooth the asperity of their feelings not a little.

Admitting that we are to wear long skirts, for the defence rests upon that assumption, we have found this invention, this light and airy, yet absolute support, to do away with all the physiological objections to long skirts. For years it was an unsolved problem, it seemed a hopeless one, how to reconcile health and comfort with the degree of expansion and fullness demanded by the taste of the day. We look back as on barbarous times to the stupid blundering among feathers and starch and crinoline, and worst of all, the solid mass of uncounted petticoats. These things answered the end, it is true—the current Idea of Beauty was illustrated—when did ever woman fail to do that? but at what a cost! what days of weariness and discomfort, ripening into aches and pains, and setting down into chronic ill health! The alarming increase of spinal complaints needs no other explanation than the heat and weight of those long skirts. "How absurd!" you exclaim, "yet not so mischievous either, for none but silly women would be guilty of such folly—a sacrifice so enormous for an end so trifling." But you are wrong—the end is that of pleasing, which is so far from trifling, that not only the loveliest and most refined, but also the most intellectual of the sex are drawn into conformity, and victimized with the rest.

Those days are past. A suicidal fashion is a vast silent tragedy, each martyr smiling down her pain, and resolutely ignoring its cause. Some autocrat of dress must have been suddenly struck with the truth that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and by a bold and happy stroke of genius the one hooped skirt supplanted the multitudinous petticoats. What a blessed relief! Plain sensible people who simply wished to be comfortable without being conspicuous, found themselves exactly suited. They could wear womanly garments, yet enjoy the utmost freedom of movement.—They could walk double the distance on a hot day without fatigue, buoyed up by the airy spread of those kind environing springs. The delight of the gay tribe of fashionable folk, who were able to sport a still more imposing and abundant flow of drapery, it is unnecessary to dilate upon. Everybody knows that hooped skirts are expressly adapted for walking gracefully in May-Fair, as Carlisle has it, but that is not what I set out to say. The benefit it has been to the health of woman has hardly been openly acknowledged, though every woman feels it. The weak especially, to whom any weight of garments upon the back is more intolerable than can be told, are at once and completely relieved, ready to turn their strength, which had been wasted in doing pack-horse duty, into channels of general usefulness.

It is true that absurd use is made of it. To see the chambermaid sweeping, and the housemaid scrubbing down the steps, each dignitary rigged out in hoops, may well bring the thing into ridicule. But it must be considered that fashion only undertakes to give the style of dressing, not the sense to use it properly. A dress for working should differ from a dress for playing. Every woman must adapt the fashion to her own individual requirements.

THE ELECTIONS.

WISCONSIN.—The Milwaukee Sentinel (Rep.) sums up the returns—over a hundred thousand votes—351 Republican majority in the State so far, with a few more Republican votes to come in. The Senate of the State, the editor says, will be Republican, but "no party will have a well defined majority in the Assembly."

ILLINOIS.—The election in Illinois last week for delegates to the convention called to amend the constitution of the state, has resulted in the choice of a very decided majority of Democrats. It is true party lines were not very closely drawn in the canvass, and the old issues that have brought about so much rivalry and partisan strife in past times seem to have been, in a great measure, ignored. Nevertheless, in the larger number of the districts, candidates were known as Democrats and Republicans, just as in previous contests, though in some counties Union tickets were run, composed of men of both parties.

The returns show the following results:

Democrats,	42
Union Democrats,	7
Republicans,	17
Union Republicans,	9
Total,	75

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Gen. Rosecrans has driven back the rebels twenty-five miles towards Raleigh.

General Schenck's column intended attacking them in the rear, but were prevented from crossing the river by the high state of the water.

☞ Mr. Schoolcraft says the Indians never swear—the worst that they say is "*wadth eunemcoah*," or bad dog. It would seem then that Nature does not encourage profanity—showing the difference between nature and cultivation.

FROM MISSOURI.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM SPRINGFIELD —THE TOWN TO BE EVACUATED—PRICE AND MCCULLOCH RETREATING SOUTH TO WINTER QUARTERS.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 11.—Since the departure of Gens. Hunter's, Pope's and Sturgis's divisions of the army, on Saturday last, for St. Louis, via Warsaw, nothing of interest has transpired here.

Gens. Sigel and Asboth's divisions have returned from their positions south of here, which movement was merely a feint to protect our withdrawal, and they will march for St. Louis via Rolla.

In a day or two Springfield will be entirely evacuated, and large numbers of Union men of the city and surrounding country have left, and will continue to leave with the army, not being willing to risk their lives in the hands of the rebels.

Sterling Price began to move with his army, 27,000 men and 35 pieces of artillery, on Saturday morning, towards Pineville, in the extreme south-western corner of the state.

Ben McCulloch broke up his camp on Friday night, and the next day was marching toward Berryville, Carroll county, Arkansas.

A man, recently a prisoner in the rebel camp, says that Price designed to go into winter quarters at Cross Hollow, Washington county, Arkansas; that all his rebels who wished to go home have already returned, and that those now with him intend to fight outside of Missouri.

Rolla will be strongly garrisoned and sufficiently provisioned. Stores and munitions of war will be sent to each point for an army of 15,000 men, should necessity at any time require the presence of such a force. The bulk of the army will come to St. Louis, and be held in readiness for movements in Kentucky, southeast Missouri, or down the Mississippi river.

Gen. Hunter and staff arrived at St. Louis on the 15th.

SHAMEFUL AFFAIR AT GUYANDOTTE, VIRGINIA.—OUR TROOPS SLAUGHTERED WHILE ENJOYING THE HOSPITALITIES OF THE INHABITANTS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—The defeat of the Union forces, at Guyandotte, on Sunday night, was accomplished by trickery on the part of the inhabitants.

It seems that a force of rebel cavalry, variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000, had concentrated in the country back of the town, and it was proposed, with the assistance of the rebel inhabitants of Guyandotte, to annihilate the Federal forces in that town. The Federal troops consisted of 250 of the Virginia regiment, and a few of Ziegler's Virginia cavalry. It was arranged between the rebel cavalry and rebel citizens to massacre our troops in cold blood.

Accordingly the rebel citizens became very courteous to our troops, and on last Sunday evening invited them to their houses on various pretexts. The invitations were accepted by all who were off duty, and while they were being entertained, about half-past eight o'clock at night, the rebel cavalry dashed into the town. Signals were displayed from every house where the loyal Virginians were unsuspiciously enjoying themselves, and into these the rebels rushed, *murdering the unarmed soldiers in cold blood.*

The rebel citizens, male and female, rushed to arms, and aided the cavalry in the slaughter.

The Federal troops, who were in camp, prepared as soon as possible for their defence, but were overpowered, and had to break lines and retreat. Very few of our men were killed in the engagement with the cavalry, nearly all the killed being murdered in the houses.

When Col. Zeigler arrived and ascertained the particulars of this fiendish outrage, he ordered the destruction of the town. The buildings were immediately fired, *and the whole town reduced to ashes.*

SENSIBLE WORDS FROM THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—The Duke of Argyll recently made a speech at Inverary, in which he discussed American affairs in a just and liberal spirit. We extract a passage:—

"In fairness to our American friends we ought to admit that no more tremendous issues were ever submitted to the dread arbitrament of war than those which are now submitted to it upon the American continent. I do not care whether we look at it from the northern or from the southern point of view. Take the mere question of what is called the right of secession. *I know no government which has ever existed in the world which could possibly have admitted the right of secession from its own allegiance.* There is a curious animal in Lochfyne which I have sometimes dredged up from the bottom of the sea, and which performs the most extraordinary and unaccountable acts of suicide and self-destruction. It is a peculiar kind of starfish, which, when brought up from the bottom of the water, and when any attempt is made to take hold of it, immediately throws off all its arms, its very centre breaks up, and nothing remaining of one of the most beautiful forms in nature but a thousand wriggling fragments. Such undoubtedly would have been the fate of the American Union if its government had admitted what is called the right of secession.

"Gentlemen, I think we ought to admit, in fairness to the Americans, that there are some things worth fighting for, and that national existence is one of these." [Cheers.]

THE BATTLE AT PIKETON.—MAYSVILLE, KY., Nov. 15.—Reports from headquarters, dated the 13th, were received this evening through reliable gentlemen who were at Pikeston.

It appears that our forces attacked a body of the rebels 1,000 strong, who were posted on a hill, killing from 85 to 90 of them, and taking 50 prisoners. The rest were scattered.

Col. Williams, of the rebels, was the first man to run. Six of Col. Marshall's men were killed, and 15 wounded. Col. Marshall's horse was shot under him. Fifteen of Col. Buffe's men were wounded, and 9 killed. The above is reliable.

[And so the 1,000 prisoner account is all gammon.]

DRUNK OR SOBER?—The inquisition in the case of Col. Miles, charged with drunkenness on the field of Bull Run, is closed. Some score or so of witnesses on one side swore point blank in the teeth of an equal number of witnesses on the other; the one insisting that he was drunk as a lord—the other that he was as sober as a saint. Of course it was impossible to get at the truth amid such a conflict of authority, and the court perhaps very properly "found" that it could not find evidence sufficient to convict the accused of being technically inebriate. But it does not much signify whether he were drunk or sober. It is clear as preaching that he couldn't and didn't attend to his duty, and, if not dismissed he should be retired.—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

LATEST NEWS.

CAPTURE OF THE REBEL MINISTERS, MASON AND SLIDELL.—THEY ARE SEIZED ON A BRITISH STEAMER.—PARTICULARS OF THE ARREST.—THE BRITISH CAPTAIN GIVES THEM UP UNDER PROTEST.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 15, *via* BALTIMORE.—The U. S. steamer San Jacinto has just arrived from the coast of Africa, *via* the West Indies, where she has been cruising some six weeks.

Old Point was electrified by the tidings that she has now on board Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were going abroad as ministers of the Southern Confederacy to England and France.

They were taken from an English steamer in the channel of the Bahamas.

Com. Wilkes reported the news at headquarters in person, and will forward his despatches to Washington to-night.

The steamer Baltimore, having been repaired, will leave for Port Royal early to-morrow, with mails, despatches, &c.

A flag of truce from Norfolk has to-day brought down 190 refugees.

An officer of the steamer San Jacinto came up on the Old Point boat with despatches, and hurried off to the railroad depot, where he took a special train for Washington.

Passengers by the Old Point boat state that all the private papers, documents, and instructions of Slidell and Mason were seized.

The families of the prisoners were allowed to proceed on their voyage. The captain of the British vessel is said to have delivered them up on protest.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 16.—[Special to the New York Tribune.]—Mason and Slidell were aboard a British mail steamer.

Commander Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, sent aboard and demanded their surrender.

The reply was that there was not force enough to take them.

Commander Wilkes then sent an additional force, and put the San Jacinto in a convenient position, whereupon Slidell and Mason were surrendered.

The officers of the English steamer state that they took them aboard, not knowing who they were, their destination, or business.

Capt. Wilkes is understood to have acted on his own responsibility.

General Wool has granted Slidell and Mason permission to send open letters to their friends.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 16.—Slidell and Mason were taken from an English mail steamship, on the 8th inst., off Bermuda.

Lieut. Fairfax, and thirty-five armed men, went aboard from the San Jacinto and picked out the rebel commissioners. They made a feeble resistance, but were induced to leave. The captain of the English steamer raved and swore—called the U. S. officers "piratical Yankees," &c.

Mr. Eustis, one of the rebel secretaries, also resisted, but himself and colleague also accompanied their employers into confinement.

Mr. Slidell had his wife and four children aboard. They were allowed to proceed to Europe.

Capt. Chas. Wilkes, who is a New Yorker, had an interview with Gen. Wool, who expressed the opinion that he had done right, and said that right or wrong these men had to be secured, and if he had done wrong he could no more than be cashiered for it.

ARRIVAL OF OFFICIAL DISPATCHES AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Capt. Taylor, who has arrived here with dispatches, reports that when the San Jacinto stopped at Cienfuegos, the escape of Slidell and Mason was ascertained. Proceeding thence to the Bahamas, it was understood that they had taken passage on the 7th instant, on the British mail steamer Trent, plying between Vera Cruz, by way of Havana, to St. Thomas and Southampton.

While the San Jacinto was in the narrowest part of the Bahama Channel, about 24 miles to the westward, they met the packet, and, as usual in such cases, fired a shot across her bow and brought her to.

Two boats were then sent to her, under the command of Lieut. Fairfax, who boarded the packet, and arrested Mason and Slidell, who were personally known to him. The first objected to being removed without the employment of force for that purpose. However, they were soon after removed without further trouble, and conveyed to the San Jacinto.

Messrs. Eustis and McFarland were also brought on board, and they are now on their way to New York.

The packet had no other save her own flag—that of Great Britain.

The official dispatches are voluminous, and include several accounts of the capture, together with the protest of Mason and Slidell against being taken from a British ship.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 16.—The United States steamer San Jacinto sailed, to-day, for New York, with Messrs. Slidell and Mason as prisoners.

FROM MISSOURI.

RETREAT OF THE REBELS TO ARKANSAS. —ST. LOUIS, NOV. 16.—Generals Price and McCullough's armies have retreated into Arkansas. It is understood that they have gone to Fort Smith, where supplies have been collected and winter quarters are being built.

CAPTURE OF A BAGGAGE TRAIN BY THE REBELS.—KANSAS CITY, NOV. 16.—A wagon master who has just arrived here, brings information of the capture, by the rebels, at 3 o'clock this morning, a mile and a half from Pleasant Hill, in Cass county, of 50 wagons and 500 oxen, on their way to Sedalia. When the wagon master escaped, the yoke were being burned, and preparations made to burn the wagons. The teamsters are all prisoners. Col. Dennison will march immediately for Pleasant Hill.

GEN. HUNTER REPUDIATES GEN. FREMONT'S TREATY WITH PRICE.—ST. LOUIS, Nov. 16—Gen. Hunter has sent a letter to Gen. Price, by a flag of truce, repudiating the treaty between Gens. Fremont and Price, entered into on Nov. 1st, and has addressed a letter to Adjutant-General Thomas, setting forth his reasons therefor.

WE learn by way of Cincinnati that the rebel general, S. A. Johnston, with a large force of 40,000 men, was advancing northward through Kentucky, and was supposed to design an attack either upon Lexington, Louisville, or Cincinnati. The Union troops have been ordered to concentrate immediately upon Danville, there to oppose, if necessary, the advance of Johnston's forces.

THIRTY-ONE men and five wagons, being part of a foraging expedition, near Falls Church, were captured by a body of rebel cavalry on Saturday.

GEN. SHERMAN has taken possession of the Pinckney islands, seized all the able bodied negro men, and sent them to the fleet.

THE Union men of Tennessee were reported to have taken possession of Bristol.

☞ The great Southern and Commercial Free-trade Convention, which held its annual session this year at Macon, Georgia, petitioned the rebel Congress at Richmond, to "throw open all the Southern ports." This is considered a very good joke.

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD D. BAKER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oh, fallen hero, noble friend,
'Tis not the friend I mourn in thee,
Though called, in mid-career, to end
Thy shining course of victory.

I dare not grieve, for friendship's sake,
To know thy soldier's knell is rung—
That shame or glory ne'er shall wake
The silver trumpet of thy tongue:

That dim the eye whose lightning scared
The traitor, through his brazen mail:
That lips, whose smile of sweetness cheered
Our darkest day, are cold and pale.

No selfish sorrow fits thee now,
And we who loved thee stand aside
While she, our Mother, veils her brow,
And in her grief forgets her pride.

When half the stars of honor fade
Thou gemmed her banner's morning sky,
She sees them triumph, who betrayed,
And he, her truest chieftain, die!

When low ambition rules the land,
And patriots play the trader's part,
We ill can spare his open hand,
We ill can spare his honest heart.

When timid lips proclaim their doubt,
To chill the ardor of the brave,
We miss his dauntless battle-shout,
That never truce to treason gave.

When Freedom's base apostles preach
Dishonor in the sacred name
Of Peace, his grand, indignant speech
No more shall smite the cowering shame!

God! Thou hast sheathed the sword he drew;
We bow before Thy dark decree:
But give the arms that build anew
Our Nation's temple, strength from Thee!
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MY BURGLARY.

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

In the year 18—, I lived in a detached house in what is called the Regent's Park, about two miles from Southampton. One morning in the month of June, the servant came into my bedroom earlier than usual, in a great state of excitement, saying:

"Oh, sir, they have been trying to break into the house."

It was then only about seven. I jumped up, bundling on my clothes as quick as I could, and set about inquiring all particulars, when it appeared that this attempt had been made about four in the morning, that the cook had heard a crashing noise, and had called out to the stable boy, who slept over the stable, close adjoining the house, who had also heard the noise, and that they then and there compared notes as to the time, and then (most probably being too frightened to move) went to bed again. I, finding nothing had been stolen, took matters more quietly, eat my breakfast, lit my cigar, and walked about, thinking what steps I had best take. Having gathered some little knowledge, through curiosity, at different times, from London detectives, &c., as to the different modes in which *a crib was cracked* (Anglice, a house broken into,) I examined the breach, that being a broken pane of glass, near the bolt of the window latch, where the attempt at entry had been made. I found that the putty, which had become very hard, had been attempted to be cut away, with the view, evidently, of taking out the pane of glass, and that in attempting this the window had been broken, and then the latch of the window undone, and the shutter (which the thief thought no doubt turned on a hinge, but was a moveable one) had, on being pushed, fallen down on the stone floor, which was, of course, the crashing noise heard by the cook and the boy.

I knew from this inspection that the man was not an *artist*, and but a "muff" at his work. This was something (though not much certainly) to go upon. While examining the putty, I fancied I saw something shining. I then examined it more closely with a pocket microscope which I always carry about me, and then I saw the jagged portion of the blade of a pen knife, and on further search, found another piece of a blade, and on placing the two bits together on a sheet of writing paper, found they were portions of the same blade. To find the remainder of the knife—*that was the thing!* As then the case would begin to assume a criminating shape, diligent search was made, but with no effect.

Now there was attached to the house a kitchen garden, and a small flower garden, which were once a fortnight put in order by a working gardener, who lived close to Southampton. His job generally took two days, but always more than one; and on this occasion the garden was undergoing its usual trimming; the morning of the second day being the morning of the attempted burglary. I perceived that the gardener had not returned to complete his work. I did not think very much of this circumstance, as once or twice before he had given me the trouble of sending after him; he having left my job half-finished in order that he might work at some other one elsewhere. I then told the stable lad to go after the man, and to tell him if ever he served me this trick again I would employ him no more. On which the boy said—

"Oh, sir, he has been here this morning, and he said he was coming back again in the afternoon to do half a day's work."

On hearing this, I was just turning away, when the lad added:

"He came here in a pair of *slippers*, and on my saying to him, 'Them's *rum things* to come a gardening in,' he said: 'Yes, they be; but I have been up nearly all night playing at cards with some pals, and my feet swelled so I could not bear my boots on.'"

Now all this was very possible, and, perhaps, not improbable, and, under other circumstances, I might have thought nothing about it, but my mind being naturally full of the burglary, I caught at the word "slippers"—connecting these articles in my mind as part of a "cracksman's" dress—and like lightning, and as if by inspiration, though with no data on which to ground it, the strongest conviction seized hold of my mind, *John, the gardener, is the man!* So strong was this, that I could not be quiet; I could see him, as I fancied, cutting away the putty, &c., &c. I returned to the boy, and asked him a variety of questions, and particularly as to what else John, the gardener, had said, and as to his manner, &c., without eliciting anything of importance. As last I said, "Did he tell you *where* he had been playing at cards?"

"Yes," said the lad. "At the Pig and Tinder-Box, in —— street."

So, thought I, as I am going to Southampton, to see Inspector P——, I will just look in at the Pig and Tinder-Box, and have a talk with the landlord. So I told the boy to get the horse harnessed as quickly as possible, and into Southampton I drove, putting up in the next street to the Pig and Tinder-Box, so as not to excite any suspicion by driving up to the door; and, walking into that establishment, ordered a glass of beer, and asked for the master of the house.

"Do you know a man of the name of John, a gardener?" said I.

"No," said he; "I can't exactly say as I does by name, but I daresay I should know him if I were to see him; we has so many, you know, of all sorts coming to this house, but I should not wonder if my man knows him."

So the man was called, and I asked him:

"Were you serving the customers last night?"

He said "Yes."

"Do you know John Holder, a gardener?"

"Yes," said he; "I *knows* him."

"Does he often come here?"

"Not very often," said he.

"Was he here yesterday.

"*No.*"

"Was he here last night, either before or after twelve?"

"*No.*"

"*Are you perfectly certain of this?*"

"Yes."

And I said:

"If you were called upon, would you *swear this?*"

"Yes."

"And he could not have been in any other part of the house without your being aware of it?"

"*No.*"

Now, thought I to myself, "Gardener, the scent is getting uncommonly warm. I'm running you down a little faster than you think for." For I now had *no doubt* he was the man. How stood the case? House broken into; John comes in the morning in slippers, tells a lie unasked for, and, when he hears I am getting up, is evidently afraid to meet me, and bolts away, saying he will return in the afternoon.

My next visit was to Inspector P——, who, after giving instructions to another policeman to come in half an hour's time to my house with his dog-cart, accompanied me back again to my house, having previously gone with me to the Pig and Tinder-Box, to have repeated to him by the barman that which he had said to me.

On our arrival, we found John at work, mowing the lawn. I *apparently* took little or no notice of him, but whenever I could do so furtively, had a good look at his countenance, and *whenever I looked*, as P—— and myself were walking about the garden, (he, P——, being in plain clothes,) his eye was on us, and I observed he was, in consequence of this, notching the grass. P—— and I had a long conversation; he hesitated very much about taking the man. He said he was inclined to agree with me that it was very likely he was the man, but said we have not enough, at present, to go upon. So, after a little further delay, he went up to the gardener, and said, very suddenly, "Have you heard Mr. S——'s house was broken open last night?"

"God bless me!—no," says the man, "what a terrible thing, to be sure."

Lie number two; for John, the lad, had told him in the morning. No notice was taken of this lie by either of us, but a sort of smile now played upon the inspector's countenance, and he proceeded to ask him:

"Have you seen any suspicious-looking character about here lately?"

"No," said the man; "nobody."

"No tramping fellows, or anybody of that sort?"

"No," he had noticed no one of the kind.

All this time the inspector kept getting a little closer to him, and in a light, playful tone, said, while just tapping the outside of his waistcoat-pocket, "Lord! how your pockets stick out! Do you carry your tools in your pockets? Let's see what you've got in them?" and suiting the action to the word, coolly put his hand in the man's pocket, upon which he first of all turned deadly pale, and then began to ride the high horse, from which he had, as is about to be told, a mighty tumble.

Pocket number one brought forth some pawn-tickets, and some lucifer matches, and other articles of trifling import. Pocket number two brought forth various things, and among them a buck horn handled knife with two blades, *one of which was broken*. On seeing this, I could hardly contain myself, and was about to say something, when Inspector P—— gave me a look, as much as to say, "*Mum for the present,*" that functionary at the same time saying to John, in the blandest and most insinuating manner, "Now, just let you and I have five minutes' conversation inside the house, and then you can go on with your work."

So into the house they walked. I was then walking behind them. Presently I observed P—— (without turning his head in the least on one side) impatiently shaking something in his hand, which he held behind his back, as if for me to take it, so I walked up to the side of him, and, unobserved by John, he slipped into my hand *the knife with the broken blade.*

I knew then what I had to do, and showing the inspector and his new acquaintance into a room, went into another room, got a sheet of note paper, placed on it the two broken bits of blade before alluded to, and then opening the broken blade of the knife, put it to the broken bits, and the three made a complete knife, and a complete case. For on my return to my friends in the other room I merely said, "*It's all right, P——; it's a case.*"

P—— thereupon quietly took from his pocket a most elegant pair of bracelets, very bright, and made of iron, but with this peculiarity about them, that they were joined together by about three inches of strong chain; and with these ornaments he adorned the wrists of our now common acquaintance the gardener, John. By this time the policeman had arrived with the dog-cart, in which John, the gardener, was asked to go for an airing.

Now, at 4 A. M., John, the gardener, was cutting away the putty from my window; at 2 P. M. he was seated, decorated as I have described, in the smartest of dog-carts, between Inspector P—— and Policeman X——, of the Hants Constabulary, on his road to W—— gaol.

The case came on before the late Baron A—— He was indicted for burglary, but was directed by the judge to be acquitted, as to constitute a burglary it must be proved that a portion of the person must enter the premises, and this entry the evidence did not sufficiently prove. But, by the direction of the judge, he was detained and reindicted for misdemeanor, all the evidence being gone over again; the jury did not take five minutes to pronounce a verdict of Guilty, and he was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labor. S. W.

SIMPLICITY THE SOURCE OF GREATNESS.

Our country is at this moment suffering more from a want of simplicity in all its dealings and arrangements than from any other cause. There is a simpleness of conduct which is the mark of a childishness of character because it arises from the want of all far-reaching conceptions of ideas. But there is also a simplicity of conduct and of character which is the result of the highest maturity of mind and the greatest perfection of character. Intermediate between the two is a stage of character which is full of complicated expedients to accomplish all its ends. Even when there is the highest moral principle at the bottom, the mark of this immature character is full of devices and plans and round-about ways of carrying into effect all his purposes. His plans being complicated, are therefore more or less contradictory. Ingenuities and complicated expedients are relied upon for putting him through or out of dangers and difficulties such as a simple course would have kept him clear of altogether. But where a man also lacks this moral principle, this love of expedients is pretty certain to entrap him first in dishonorable entanglements, and then into schemes of downright dishonesty.

Among men of business, simplicity and straightforwardness are opposed to all the double-dealing and round-about way of managing pecuniary affairs which many delight in as the foundation of all success and the mark of shrewdness of character. There are men who never buy or sell without seeking some under handed advantage in working things round which does not appear to those with whom they deal at first sight. The merchant of simplicity of character is one who sees through all this shallowness of doing business, and, from a sense of its folly and wickedness, will have nothing to do with any of these sharp expedients. We once knew a merchant who, by a mistake in his private mark, sold one coat pattern off a piece of cloth at a price below cost, and he sold off all the rest at the same price, because no explanations would make his customers believe but what he had *two prices* if he once altered. That man accumulated a fortune, and left an excellent business, got together by the pure reliance every one had in his character.

In political life, the great fault of nearly all our public men has been want of this simplicity of character. They have been far-seeing men, able men in their way, but men attempting to reconcile contradictions by all sorts of expedients, and trusting, by keeping difficulties and antagonisms out of sight, to get rid of them altogether, or leave accident to bring them through. Men not content with keeping on the fence, but attempting to walk on both sides of it at the same time. On the other hand, Washington was a man of simplicity of political character, who never went further than he could see his way through to some right, clear and definite end. His plans, therefore, never conflicted, but always supported each other, and each year and each success achieved rendered all his other plans more certain of succeeding. This simplicity is the source of all true greatness. The man of expedients plots and schemes, and is never so near ruin as when he seems to have attained some complete success, for the success of one set of devices overturns a hundred others. Success of this sort is but a very doubtful triumph at best, and one out of which a wise man grows as he grows older, whilst a wise nation drops it as she rises to true greatness.

In fact, no great affairs can be successfully carried on except by simplicity and straightforwardness in all the details involved. Our great trouble has been the lack of all this.—We have had officers in the army and navy with a divided allegiance in their hearts.—Politicians trying to please their constituents, and yet ready to sell their votes. Contractors bribing officials, and officials serving themselves and their country together, or trying to cheat the state and the country, and really destroying themselves. When will the country learn that every deviation from the law of simplicity and straightforward candor, honesty and honor is as foolish as it is wicked? There can be no nearer course between two given points than a straight line.—*Public Ledger.*

JUSTINE'S GAGE D'AMOUR.

The Duke of —— had a passion for diamonds. He was allowed to be an excellent judge, and no doubt he deserved to be so estimated, for there were many reasons why no excellence, unless deserved, should be accorded him. His name had been connected with many infamous scandals, and it was said that he had fled from his duchy in a balloon. Yet his undoubted judgment in diamonds, and his unique collection of those fascinating gems, made him tolerated by many who would otherwise have given him the cut direct. The Duke of —— was seated at one of the small tables near the south window of the Kursaal at B—— B——, sipping an orgeat, to which his Highness is particularly partial. On the other side of the same table was M. Placquet, a young Frenchman, a third-rate actor of the Theatre of Varieties at Paris. He pretended to be nothing more. His style of living was in accordance with his position, and he had come to B—— for the purposes of his art. He said so to those who had been curious about him, and the Duke of —— had been one of the number. He was enjoying a modest cup of coffee, and dallying with the spoon, when the Duke's attention became fixed upon a ring worn on the fourth finger of the young man's left hand. The Duke evidently desired to ask M. Placquet a question, but his politeness restrained him. The Duke struggled in vain. The ring fascinated him like the eyes of a basilisk, and M. Placquet played with his spoon most provokingly. The Duke could bear it no longer, and therefore gave a short hem! to attract M. Placquet's attention.

"I hope you will pardon me," said the Duke, "but I have a passion for diamonds."

M. Placquet smiled, bowed, and looked strangely puzzled.

"Excuse me," said the Duke, "but would you allow me to examine the one upon your finger?"

"Monsieur is disposed to be pleasant," replied M. Placquet, a shade of displeasure passing over his face. "I am not in a position to wear diamonds."

"My dear sir," said the Duke, "I assure you I had no intention to offend you; and, believe me, the ring you wear is a brilliant of a very pure water."

"Poor Justine!" half muttered M. Placquet, shrugging his shoulders; "you give diamonds!"

"You seem to doubt my judgment, sir!" said the Duke, his dark eyebrows contracting, and his eyes—he had terrible eyes—glowing as they always did when he became angry. "I say it is a diamond, sir!"

M. Placquet drew the ring from his finger, and, presenting it to the Duke, said:

"Satisfy yourself, sir! It is only one of the excellent imitations made for stage use, and was given to me by a little ballet-dancer—some day to be my wife—as a *gage d'amour*. It cost ten francs, sir, a large sum for her to expend even upon me. I went with her to purchase it, and selected it from a hundred others equally brilliant and valuable."

The Duke held the ring to the light, then shaded it with his hand, and put it to all the tests usually employed by connoisseurs.

"My opinion is still unchanged, sir," said the Duke, "notwithstanding all you have told me, and I am prepared to lay any wager you please that I am right. The diamond is of great value."

"M'sieur," replied M. Placquet, with a deprecatory shrug, "I am only a third-rate actor at the Varieties, and cannot pay wagers if I lose them; but I will justify what I have told you. You are a stranger to me—my ring, you say, is of great value—take it away, and submit it to other judgments, and when you have found that my ten-franc ring is only glass or paste, return it to me to-morrow at this hour, for the sake of my little Justine."

M. Placquet considered he had delivered a firstrate *exit* speech, so, leaving the ring with the Duke, he made a capital bow, and withdrew to an imaginary round of applause.

The Duke was right in his judgment.—Lewis Emanuels, the diamond-dealer of Hamburg, chanced to be at B—— B——, and he pronounced the stone to be worth 10,000 francs, and cheap at the money. M. Placquet and the Duke were equally punctual. The poor actor turned pale when the Duke told him the result of his inquiry, and offered to become the purchaser of the ring at the price set upon it by the Hamburg dealer.

"You are very good, M'sieur, very," said M. Placquet, "and will perhaps form a bad opinion of my intellect, if I hesitate to accept your liberal offer, and for the reason I am about to give. I told you the ring was the gift of my fiancee Justine. You do not know her—how should you? She is the soul of sentiment and of affection, and she might blame me did I part with her *gage d'amour* without her consent. If you will allow me to write to her in Paris, and await her answer, should she consent, the ring is yours. In the meantime, pray take charge of it, and, if possible, confirm your judgment, for I cannot believe in my good fortune."

The Duke refused, then hesitated, and at last consented to become the custodian of the ring, after giving M. Placquet an acknowledgment in writing.

When M. Placquet saw the Duke's signature, the poor fellow was overwhelmed at the honor he had received in his recent association with so great a personage, and he uttered a profusion of apologies for the freedom he had used in the intercourse. The Duke dismissed him very graciously, and M. Placquet proceeded to write to his distant and much-beloved Justine.

In a few days M. Placquet received an answer from Justine, not by post, but through the agency of that young lady's venerable grandpapa, and who had journeyed expressly from Paris to assure Auguste (M. Placquet) that he could do as he pleased for their mutual advantage.

A meeting was arranged, and the Duke and M. Placquet were alone. Five hundred golden louis jingled in the pocket of M. Placquet, in exchange for poor little Justine's tenfranc purchase.

"Here is the little box they gave me with it," said M. Placquet, taking the ring from the table, and pressing it fondly, very fondly, to his lips, and then placing it in the little casket, which he returned open to the Duke.

The Duke closed it, and put it into his pocket. M. Placquet was evidently much moved by his good fortune, and the Duke, observing it, very soon released him from his presence.

The same night M. Placquet and the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine left B—— B——. The next morning the Duke of —— invited the Princess of A——, the Countess of B——, and the Margrave of C—— to inspect his new purchase. When it was produced the Duke could scarcely believe his eyes; the ring was the same in size and in setting, but it was changed, changed to paste, and might have been bought in Paris anywhere for ten francs! The Duke demanded M. Placquet to be sent for. M. Placquet, as we have said before had left the night preceding with the Duke's five hundred golden louis jingling in his pocket, accompanied by the venerable grandpapa of poor little Justine. Yes, the swindle was plain enough. M. Placquet and his confederates had heard of the Duke's passion for diamonds, and had clubbed together to purchase one of great beauty. This the Duke saw, examined, and purchased; but Justine's venerable grandpapa had travelled *malle poste* from Paris with an exact imitation of the same diamond which M. Placquet sold the Duke, and the pretended *futur* exchanged it over the parting kiss which he so lovingly bestowed upon it. No one pitied the Duke, he was so unpopular; but no one laughed at him to his face, he was so vindictive. L.

THE CANNON FEVER.

The celebrated German poet Goethe was present as a spectator at the battle of Valmy, in 1792, between the armies of the French Republic under Dumourier and Kellerman, and the allied armies under the Duke of Brunswick, and gives his first impressions of an artillery battle as follows:

"I had heard so much of the 'cannon fever,' that I wanted to know what kind of a thing it was. Ennui, and a spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay, even to rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the outwork of La Lune. This was again occupied by our people, but it presented the wildest aspect. The roofs were shot to pieces, the corn-shocks scattered about, the bodies of men, mortally wounded, stretched upon them here and there, and occasionally a spent cannon ball fell and rattled among the tiled roofs. Quite alone, and left to myself, I rode away to the heights on the left, and could plainly survey the favorable position of the French. They were standing in the form of a semi-circle, in the greatest quiet and security—Kellerman, then on the left wing, being the easiest to reach.

I fell in with good company on the way—officers of my acquaintance belonging to the general staff and the regiment, greatly surprised to find me here. They wanted to take me up again with them, but I spoke to them of particular objects I had in view, and they left me without further discussion to my well known singular caprice. I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me; the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds. They were less dangerous by reason of the wetness of the ground—whenever one fell it stuck fast—and thus my foolish experimental ride was secured against the danger at least of the balls rebounding. In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me. I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by simillitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness, but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation as well as the surrounding objects more impressive.

I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible, uneasy feeling arising from it is produced in us solely through the ears; for the cannon thunder, the howling and crashing of balls through the air, is the real cause of these sensations. After I had ridden back, and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind. On the whole, this condition is one of the least enviable; as, indeed, among my dear and noble comrades, I found scarcely one who expressed a really passionate desire to try it."

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night; the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away; when "hopes and fears that kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried; when "honey moons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture—then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home;—love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object—a love such as youth never dreamed of or realized.—*Norman Macleod.*

OYSTERS.

Oysters have been a favorite food ever since—by some means or other, who shall tell us how?—the first oyster was opened and devoured. The Jews were forbidden to eat oysters, but they are the only nation of antiquity to whom the delicacy was unknown. Greeks and Romans fed on them luxuriously; but the former, instead of building grottos with the shells, used them as blackballs for the banishment of obnoxious citizens. The Romans were the first to cultivate the oyster, if we may use the expression—that is to say, they introduced artificial modes of arranging the beds and fattening the fish, of which Pliny himself has written that it is the "principal meat and delicate dish that can be set on the table." In the Middle Ages, both in France and England, oysters were regarded as a luxurious dish, and there is no doubt that when oyster-eating Romans came over to England they found oyster-eating Britons to receive them.

The Romans were particularly careful about the taste and flavor of their oysters, and valued some oyster beds far above others; but so did the Britons undoubtedly, and British oysters still retain their old celebrity.—Colchester and Milton, Faversham and Burnham, are famed for their oysters; Scotland has her Pandores and Aberdour oysters; and Ireland the Carlingford and Powldoodles of Burran. France derives her oysters from some parts of the Bay of Biscay, Mont St. Michel, and along the Norman coast. They are found in various places all over the world, always in large communities, called oyster banks; in some places they are so abundant as effectually to prevent the inroads of the sea—as the coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean. Along the shores of Georgia, in the United States, there is a remarkable growth of oysters. "The marsh land extends inwards for a space of from twelve to eighteen miles, and it is so soft that an iron rod might be pushed into it without difficulty to the depth of 18 or 20 feet. A great number of large creeks and rivers are found meandering through these marshes, and the bends of these rivers would in a short time cut through the adjoining land to such an extent that the whole seaboard would become a quagmire. But, wherever the tide directs its destroying force, its effects are counteracted by walls of living oysters, which grow upon each other, from the beds of the rivers to the very verge of the banks."

How do oysters grew upon each other? The oysters spawn in spring time and summer; the spawn is called by the fishermen "spat," and looks like drops of tallow. It is made up of innumerable quantities of brilliantly white eggs. The spat readily adheres to oyster shell or loose stone. Oysters are amazingly fruitful—it is estimated that one of them may yield enough to fill twelve thousand barrels, as the microscope reveals in a single globule of spat some hundreds of thousands of perfect oyster eggs. But comparatively few of these infant oysters arrive at maturity and market. Crabs and star-fish, those Dandos of the deep, seize on the succulent innocents, before they are able to take care of themselves, and make rich banquets on their youthful forms. It is some time before the young oyster obtains his shell—some time before he finally settles down—some time before he joins himself by the very strongest attachment, to his kindred, and helps to form the bed or rock or bank, to which, in due season, the dredging boats come down and carry off the *ostreo* to market—and oyster-day comes round.

In Scotland this oyster-day, or "feast of shells," was formerly observed with considerable respect. At the commencement of the dredging season, a voyage was boldly undertaken to the oyster beds in the Frith of Forth, by the public functionaries, with something of the solemnity of the Doge of Venice wedding his Adriatic bride. Instead of the whiskey inspiration which supports the *fishermen* in dragging fishing nets or throwing cod lines, they sing, like Sicilian mariners, at their work. Is it not written—

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For he comes of gentle kind!"

This is a delicate compliment to the oyster, to whom, indeed, few such compliments are generally given. It is usual to speak of the oyster as a senseless thing—we say of an individual whose mental qualities we disparage, that he is as stupid as an oyster; but we also say of a discreet man, one who shuts his mouth and blabs no secret, that he is as close as an oyster. The fact is, about the moral nature—his loves and hatreds, his sagacity and prudence, his pleasures and misfortunes—we know nothing.

USE OF SWEET APPLES.

A sweet apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples, raw, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Cooked sweet apples will "fat" children, and make grown people *flashy*—"fat" not being a polite word as applied to grown persons.

Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," we are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution" in their season. Everybody, from the toddling baby holding up by its father's knee—children are decidedly a household commodity—away back to "our revered grandmother" in her rocking-chair, loves them.

No sweet meat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionary is half so simple as the soft, pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple, of the right kind. It is good in milk, with bread. It is good on your plate, with breakfast, dinner, or supper—we don't "take tea" at our house. It is good everyway—"vehemently good"—as an enthusiastic friend of ours once said of tomatoes.—*New York World.*

THE AMBER ROSARY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My birthday! I must keep it, as of old,
And wear some token of a holiday—
For see, the woods are gay with red and gold,
And Autumn sings her merriest roundelay.

I have no heart for dainty robes to-day,
And flowers do not suit me any more.
So, from the darkness where it hides away
I take this relic of the days of yore.

Only an antique amber rosary,
Whose beads still hold the mellow light of Rome—
Clasped by a cross of blackest ebony,
Fashioned by loving fingers here at home.

And as I lift again the chain and cross,
The bright beams seem a wreath of golden days,
Ended too soon by black and bitter loss,
Made gloomier still by their contrasting rays.

Oh, liquidly the sunlight filters through
These shining spheres of warm translucent gold,
Changing to drops of rich and wondrous hue,
Like precious wine of vintage rare and old.

Ah, me! this rosary, in other lands,
Has learned more prayers than I shall ever know—
Its slow beads slipped and smoothed by pious hands,
Whose pulses stopped a hundred years ago.

It keeps an odor mystical and dim,
As of old churches, where the censer swings,
Where, listening to the echo-chanted hymn,
The sculptured angels fold their marble wings.

Where through the windows melts the unwilling light,
And in its passage learns their gorgeous stain,
Then bars the gloom with rays all rainbow-bright,
As human souls grow beautiful through pain.

One birthday—it might be a year ago,
Or fifty, or a thousand,—one who smiled
Counted these beads, and praised their marvellous glow,
Saying—"I bring a gift to you, dear child,—

"An amulet not made of gems or gold,
But drops of light, imprisoned from above,—
Gold were too heavy,—gems too hard and cold,—
And only amber suits the soul of love.

"What fitter birthday token could I give?
See how the clear orbs answer to the sun!
I clasp them at your throat, and you shall live
A perfect golden year for every one!"

"Then why the cross!" I asked—He sighed and said,
"For possible sorrow." Ah, these useless tears!
The hand which placed it here, now cold and dead,
Forgets to twine for me the golden years—

Forgets to bless her waiting head, who wears
For his dear sake, these amber beads to-day—
Forgets to make the cruel cross she bears
Grow lighter as the birth-days wear away.

Yet still the amber gleams—and unawares
Turns all to gold beneath its mellow ray;
Oh, clear hearts, glowing with remembered prayers,
Plead for her peace who has no heart to pray!

—Portland Transcript.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW IDOL PREVAILS.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Temple urged Lilian to accept her cousin; he sincerely loved her, that was very evident; he was well off, with good expectations—she would certainly repent if she rejected him. They advanced their arguments with considerable warmth, and expressed themselves strongly against any engagement with Mr. Westby.

Mrs. Temple moreover clearly pointed out to Lilian that she certainly had, whether intentionally or not, given great encouragement to her cousin, people had indeed remarked it, and he would have very just grounds of complaint against her if she refused him. She had once before acted in a very unfortunate way, and it would be highly detrimental to her if she repeated such fickle conduct.

Mr. Westby had really no claim upon her hand. It was true that her brother, from what Captain Milton said, had expressed a wish that she should marry his old friend, but that wish was evidently founded upon expressions contained in her own letters, and the whole idea of her feelings towards a man in Mr. Westby's condition was, to say the least of it, absurdly romantic.

There might be great soundness in Mrs. Temple's arguments, but they failed to convince Lilian's heart.

She endured many miserable days of uncertainly. Sometimes she formed the resolution of refusing her cousin's offer, laying before him, at the same time, the whole history of her love for Westby, concealing nothing and begging his forgiveness; but there was great shame in this. Had she not once declared to him that her character was fickle and inconstant? He had denied the accusation, vindicating her from her own reproaches. And, behold, bitter self-experience would prove to him that his vindication was false—that the world was right—that he had really bestowed his love on a jilt and a flirt.

It was utterly humiliating to her, the very contrast of this indecision and irresolution with the strength of purpose she had felt but a short week ago—a vain dream of excellence mocking her with its unreality.

One morning Mrs. Temple gravely placed a letter in her daughter's hands, which Lilian read with the utmost concern. Frank Scott was dangerously ill in the country; the letter was from the doctor of the place, begging the Temples to send or communicate with him immediately. Mr. Scott had caught cold, feverish symptoms had ensued—the fever had suddenly taken a very malignant turn.

"We must send down an experienced nurse at once," observed Mrs. Temple.

"We must go ourselves, mamma."

"My dear, I regret, in the state of my health—and your father being away, too."

"I must go, then!"

"Impossible, Lilian!"

"Poor boy!—to die alone!" exclaimed Lilian, bursting into tears.

"But the fever, my love—consider the dreadful risk."

"Very well, mamma, the greater reason for my going."

"I can't think of it, Lilian."

"Mamma, I should never forgive myself, if I deserted him now."

"Nonsense, Lilian, to talk about deserting; didn't I say we should send down a nurse?"

"Oh, mamma! do you think dear Fred would have let him lie there ill by himself? Send a nurse with me, of course! But I shall never be happy if I don't go."

And Lilian held to her purpose.

It was a merciful relief, notwithstanding the sadness of the occasion, from those days of doubt—the emergency demanded *immediate* action, and that necessity nerved Lilian in a moment. If the urgency had been less, and Lilian had had more time for thinking, perhaps she would have failed, so utterly despondent had she become, so faithless in her power to do anything good.

A short hour sufficed for her preparations, and, in company with a nurse engaged from the Institution, she started on her mission.

Frank Scott lay ill at the hotel of the small country town near where his property was situated.

The doctor, Mr. Simpson, was greatly relieved when he found a member of the family had arrived.

"What hope do you give us, sir?" inquired Lilian, anxiously.

"I have hope, or rather I should say we have hope; for I felt, under the circumstances, it would be more satisfactory to all parties to have a second opinion, and I accordingly sent for Doctor Lisle, the leading physician of our county, and I am happy to say his treatment is confirmatory of mine."

There was a kind, fatherly manner in Mr. Simpson—he must have been a man not under sixty—which was particularly assuring to Lilian. He answered her many anxious questions in a perfectly frank, but at the same time hopeful tone.

"I presume I have been addressing Miss Temple," he said, at the end of their conversation.

"Yes," she replied.

"Lilian?—that is your Christian name?"

"My name is Lilian. I am Mr. Scott's cousin. Mamma would have come down with me, but for ill health; she hopes, however, to be able to come shortly."

"I am very glad you have been able to come," replied the doctor, "for you are the very nurse he wanted. Your name is always on his lips."

The doctor begged her not to make any great point of her arrival, but rather to enter the sick room occupying herself with some arrangements.

"I know it is hard to say this," he added, "but it is absolutely necessary that he should be kept as quiet as possible, and I am sure I may trust to your good sense and discretion."

The doctor was emphatic in his caution, for he had formed his own notion of the true relationship between the two cousins.

It naturally spread all through the neighborhood that Mr. Scott's cousin, the young lady to whom he was engaged, had come to nurse him. Mr. Simpson, who was held to have the best opportunities of knowing the truth, endorsed this opinion. It cast a charming halo of romance over the sick room; many kind hearts prayed that the poor young man might be spared, and that he and the young lady, who had risked the dangers of contagion for his sake, might be happily united.

Lilian at the first had plenty to occupy herself with—plenty of anxious thoughts for her patient. His life seemed to hang on a very thread; it was necessary, following out the doctor's directions, to watch for the slightest change; her quick, sensitive eye had caused her more than once to summon the doctor, detecting through the slightest alteration the commencement of a serious crisis in the disease.

It was great tension on the nerves, this continued anxiety, and it was at first a welcome relief when the doctors pronounced her cousin out of immediate danger: in point of fact, there now seemed to be comparatively little for her to do, the nurse was so assiduous and attentive, and the arrangements which had been made worked so excellently well. Sitting quietly in his room while he dozed, the daylight almost excluded, she had far too much time for thinking, and to her dismay her thoughts lapsed into their old channel.

And coming there to nurse him? It was shame, she felt, to entertain a doubt concerning such a duty. But did it commit her in any degree? "She was only here as his nearest relation," that was the theory she strove to hold to: "it meant nothing more than that; she was only doing her duty, what her brother would have done, or wished her to do, in his stead." She must carefully guard the words she used towards her cousin—harden them, as it were, so that the fancy should not grow upon him that she had accepted his offer.

Ah, me! It was an immense power Frank Scott possessed in his very weakness. He would murmur her name faintly, and she, with tenderest pity, would hasten to his bedside, and smooth his pillow, and soothe him with kindest tones, and let him hold her hand in his,—and then it *did* seem that he held her heart.

The doctor congratulated her on her care and attention. "I think," said he, with a kindly smile, "that you may claim a great deal of the merit of saving his life. I am sure I can say nothing which will afford you greater pleasure."

"I'm sure," replied Lilian, "I cannot claim an atom more merit than the nurse—she has been everything to us."

"I admit her merit, certainly; but you have watched so well and so closely, because you felt deeply—"

Lilian blushed crimson.

"I suppose," said she, "now that the danger is over, I shall soon be able to return home."

"What! leave your post. I trust not; besides now is the happiest time for you both—think what comfort you may be to him during his recovery. Why," continued the doctor, good-humoredly, "I will issue a dozen certificates that your presence here is absolutely necessary."

"But, really," urged Lilian, "I don't think I ought to remain any longer."

"My dear young lady, I quite understand your feeling; but if you will accept the opinion of an old dragon of propriety like myself, you will have no hesitation in remaining. Indeed! I really can't spare you. I consider," he added, with a playful assumption of authority, "that I have a full right to command your presence."

But all excuse for leaving on the ground of propriety was done away with by Mrs. Temple herself coming down to share the labors of nursing.

* * * * * *

"Now that you are here, mamma, I should like to leave."

"Why, Lilian?"

"Because I don't want what I have done from a sense of duty to be attributed to any other feeling."

"Oh, Lilian! can you have nursed him as you have, and yet?—well, you may take my word for it, in the state he still is, it will endanger his life if you leave him."

Lilian burst into tears.

"It is a thousand pities you ever came down—you remember I wished you not to do so, but you would insist. You really ought to have thought of all this before."

"But I could not let him be ill here, and no one with him if he died, when I was well and strong, and doing nothing in London," protested Lilian, vehemently.

"I know he loves you very dearly," continued Mrs. Temple. "Why, as I was sitting at his bedside last evening, he whispered to me that you had saved his life, the doctor had told him so; and then he said, if he had died, Lilian, that you would have had his property—he had made his will before he left town. Why, Lilian, Mr. Simpson himself told me you had done wonders for his patient; and now, oh, Lilian! do reflect well upon it. I'm sure it will be his death if you reject him."

Lilian could make no reply, she felt utterly powerless, a very puppet in the hands of a relentless destiny—true, her word was not yet pledged, but all freedom of will was denied *her*,—the time for giving that pledge might be postponed, but come it must.

She continued her attendance in the sick room, assiduous as ever, but she felt that she no longer possessed the power of soothing her cousin as heretofore; by the faintest indications he appeared almost disturbed at her presence. She would sometimes read to him, but she knew that he was not listening to the reading, that he was waiting for her voice to utter other words precious to him.

Mr. Simpson found his patient far less well—"disturbed, irritation throughout the frame; it was a bad symptom, he must be kept perfectly quiet, repose, nothing exciting for the mind." Mr. Simpson told both mother and daughter this as he left the room.—Mrs. Temple accompanied the doctor down stairs to make some further inquiries; Lilian returned to the room. She had gone to the window to draw down the blind, when she heard her cousin calling to her; it flashed through her mind what he was going to say, and shuddering, she went to his bedside. She felt utterly miserable, but when she saw how his wasted face was deeply flushed, how his whole frame seemed to quiver, she grew alarmed on his account.

"Dear Frank, do pray be composed—this excitement—"

"Lilian, you never answered that letter of mine." He spoke louder than was his wont, raising his voice with painful effort. "You have never said you loved me—do you love me, Lilian?"

Could she tell him the truth, and arouse the fever sleeping in his veins? Could she mock his hopeful ears with long explanations of her love for Westby, with miserable excuses? Why, his face was burning before her with eager expectation! Could she ask for further delay before she spoke finally?—and delay and doubt, with their attendant irritation, would be certain death to him.

"Oh, Lilian! do you love me?"

She tottered the few steps to his bed-side, "I do love you."

She fell on her knees. It was a horrible lie, and in the thought of that she swooned away.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

To have to act out the lie consistently, that was hard work for Lilian; and her cousin's health seemed to grow out of the affection she showed him—very sunlight to a drooping plant. To have to appear very fond, and yet while he clasped her hand, to find her thoughts wander away to another love; and he would arouse her from these long abstractions, little witting whither her thoughts had fled, and make her turn her face towards him, gazing upon her eyes, which she in shame strove to turn away.

"Lilian, dear," he said one day, "you are sadly worn by your attendance on me; I can see this illness of mine has greatly overtaxed your strength. I am sure no sacrifice that I can make will ever repay your love and care."

"No sacrifice!"

He little knew the manner in which she felt his words, though he saw tears in her eyes.

"Well, Lilian, please God I get strong and well, I shall do my best, by the devotion of my life, to show how sensible I am of what you have done for me now."

Alas! but for that one image stamped upon her heart, how truly she could have loved him. That first impress of love—which she had once believed, nay felt sure, had been entirely effaced by Westby's severe declaration of contempt for her character—but as the breath restores the old mark invisible on the highly polished steel, so his recent words of love had re-awakened, in all its force, that first feeling which had struck so deeply into her heart.

But she was irrevocably engaged to her cousin now—it would seem almost the ordering of a higher power in opposition to her strongest wishes. Perhaps in time she would see that it was all ordered for the best; there was no thought of evasion in her mind.

It seemed to her necessary to write to Westby to inform him of her engagement; she would feel more at peace when he knew the truth. She consulted her mother on the subject, even begging her mother to write for her, she so dreaded the task.

Mrs. Temple assured Lilian that she did not consider for the present that any letter was necessary.

"Indeed," said she, "just prior to my leaving town, Mr. Westby called at our house. I saw him, and told him that you had gone into the country on account of your cousin's illness, and to a certain extent I intimated to him the condition of affairs between you and Frank."

"And he?" inquire Lilian, timidly.

"Oh, my love, I can assure you that he seemed perfectly calm—quite unmoved,—indeed, quite unlike anything approaching to a lover, as far as my idea of a lover goes; and he turned off the conversation to some other topic. Oh, I remember, that law business of your papa's. Of course, my dear, he will hear the fact of your engagement from some of our mutual friends; at all events, I beg that you will not write to him. I'm sure Frank wouldn't like it, and I should consider it a most ill-advised act. However, if you really think it necessary, I will write myself before we return to London."

Lilian was far from feeling assured that Westby was really calm and unmoved by what he had heard. "I know," she thought to herself, "that he would rather die than show he felt regret or pain."

This thought of Westby troubled her.

When they met! What must her conduct be then? Obviously the best mode of receiving him would be to say nothing of the past—to show, as far as might be, the manner of old friendship; of course the fact of her engagement would have shown him that all feeling between them was at an end.

It was arranged, as soon as Mr. Scott was sufficiently recovered, that he should go to Brighton.

"Change of air," Mr. Simpson affirmed, "was the grand thing for him—and really," he added, "I think our head nurse requires change almost as much as the invalid. I declare you look quite worn out, Miss Temple. I had hoped when you got your regular night's rest—good unbroken sleep—that that, together with the air of our county, of which we are very proud, would have quite restored you after your great fatigue and anxiety; but as you haven't done justice to us in that way, we must hand you over to Dr. Neptune."

It was quite a little ovation, the departure of the Temple party from the station. Kind Mr. Simpson would insist upon seeing the last of them, and the master of the hotel, and some pleasant friendly ladies who had kindly tendered and performed various little services to Mrs. Temple and Lilian; and then everybody was in love with Lilian,—her golden hair, and lovely blue eyes, her devotion to her lover, everybody rejoicing for her sake that his life was saved.

Their *coupé* was literally a garden of flowers, the offerings of these kind friends, and the baskets of strawberries—which kept arriving up to the last with kind messages—were quite embarrassing by reason of their number.

"I wish you every happiness, my dear," said Mr. Simpson, leaning in at the window of the carriage, and shaking Lilian's hand, "I'm sure you thoroughly deserve it," and he saw her eyes filled with tears.

"It is very pretty, that anxiety for her lover's comfort which is so visible in her countenance," the ladies declared unanimously; "it adds such an interesting look to her beauty."

"No, no, ladies,—pretty!" exclaimed Mr. Simpson. "I fear her health is far from being what it ought to be. I can't quite understand it," he thought, with some perplexity, and he wisely kept the thought to himself, "but I'm half inclined to believe there's some thing wrong somewhere."

The travellers arrived at Brighton in safety.

* * * * *

Oh, it was cruel—horribly cruel! to see *him* thus, never expecting it. Wicked of those friends if they did it designedly—to lay such a trap for her, asking her to call upon them for a walk, and then to let her meet him quite unprepared. But it would never have happened if her mother had written, as she had promised, to tell him of the engagement; he would have been satisfied with that assurance, and never sought her again. It was the uncertainty he could not bear—the rumor of her engagement.

Let him once hear the truth from her own lips, and he would be resigned.

But what did he ask?—ask her to wring out from her lips the wretched truth, and to look on him and see how he strove to hide his agitation beneath a calm presence.

Poor fool that she was!—if she had only been prepared for the interview—nerved for it by reflection—she could have spoken out the words, and bade him farewell forever.—Her strength would have lasted out that effort!

Why! he did only want to know the truth, and how did he learn it? Oh, shame! from her stupid explanations, excuses, which —fool that she had been!—had only betrayed her love for him.

She was engaged! when he had learnt that he learnt all that was necessary; but he had learnt further—oh, burning shame!—that she did not love the man she was about to marry. He was true and honorable, and he had left her, though he loved her,—perhaps could die for her, as he had left her once before, when he felt that he could not love her as a man of honor.

With what contempt must he think of her! and those old bitter words of his—though he parted from her now without a single word beyond "farewell"—how they must rise up again in his heart, "inconstant," "without strength of purpose." Why, she could even seem to hear his voice; yes, quite plainly—"Not worthy of being Frederick Temple's sister!" She had before revolted at the hard assertion, and ceased to love him for uttering it, but there was no gainsaying it now; it was true—quite true; her character was below contempt—depths below contempt.

"Oh, Lilian!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, entering the room, "won't you come down and see Frank? He would like to say good-night; he fears you must be very ill."

"Ill! nonsense! there's nothing the matter with me."

"Then pray come down."

"I dare not to-night."

"My dear child, is it true you have seen Mr. Westby to-day?"

"I have."

"I'll never forgive that Mrs. Vernon and her daughter; they have acted most shamefully."

"There's no harm done, mamma! I did see Mr. Westby. He wished to know, for certain, whether I was engaged. If you had only written to him as I wanted—"

"But what did he say?"

"I told him I was engaged."

"And then?"

"He left me, mamma; you surely don't imagine he would ask me forfeit my word."

"I really had feared—"

"You need have no fear, mamma, I shall be perfectly ready to tell Frank about it; but not to-night—not to-night."

"Lilian, dear, I'm sure you're not well; your face burns, and your hands—"

"Perfectly well, mamma!—perhaps not quite myself, but I shall be quite right again in the morning, when I have had some sleep."

And Lilian's sleep was fitful, broken; she kept dreaming that horrible dream of the accident at Interlachen; falling from some frightful height, with cries, painful cries, awaking her mother, for Karlo Magno to save her.

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The doctor declared that Miss Temple was very seriously ill. Fever! It was quite possible that she had caught the infection in attending on her cousin, though it had remained latent for a time.

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They cut off her golden hair to save her life.

* * * * *

"There is something on your daughter's mind, madam," said the physician bluntly to Mrs. Temple; "and if you are aware of what it is, the sooner it is set right, the greater the chance we shall have of saving her. We succeed in getting her up to a certain point, and there we stop."

* * * * *

Frank Scott was well and strong again, and Mrs. Temple, with tears in her eyes, told him of the sacrifice he could make for Lilian, if he really loved her; he had often said he could never repay her kindness, and it was now in his power to cancel the debt.

When the whole truth of the case was placed before him, Frank Scott acted in a noble way. He went himself to Westby, and spoke with the greatest generosity, not concealing the deep sorrow which he felt, yet expressing his satisfaction that by his act of resignation he was enabled to save the life of the woman he loved.

He would have wished to see Lilian once again; but the doctor particularly requested him to forego an interview with her in her then very critical condition; and he consented, but he wrote to her the kindest and most truly affectionate letter, assuring her of his perfect esteem, and expressing his deep gratitude for her devoted care of him at a period when such care was so very needful. Yet he did see her once again; they took him to her room while she slept, and he pressed his lips to her unconscious hand.

And Frank Scott went abroad.

* * * * *

"Karlo Magno, I can perfectly understand why I love you," (it was the first day Lilian had been allowed to come down to the drawing-room,) "but I can't think why you should love me."

"With regard to thinking," replied Westby, smiling, "I once met a very sensible young lady, who recommended me never to think."

"Ah, yes! and a very wise and learned man doubted whether a mental vacuum would be conducive to happiness. Yet really, Karlo Magno, when I do think how utterly weak and foolish I have been, how at the very times when I have had the greatest faith in myself, and strove to act properly, but—"

"But!"—that word "but," symbol of human imperfection—but Charles Westby silenced her with a kiss.

(THE END.)

☞ A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

☞ Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

SELLING OUT AN HEIRESS.

BY JOHN ARCHER.

Mr. Horatio Jackson Brown sighed. His room was furnished in brocatelle and damask curtains, and yet he sighed. His fare was excellent—none could be better—and yet he sighed. His clothes were of the most excellent material, his person was decidedly good, his face and moustache—they were not always together—positively superb, and his *tout ensemble* as he stood leaning on the marble mantelpiece in his apartment, extremely *distingue*. Yet, with all these advantages, Mr. H. J. Brown looked gloomy and—sighed. In his right hand a warning letter from his tailor, a polite but pertinent note from his landlord, an assortment of unaccepted bills, were despairingly clutched, and his left "bunch of fives" was thrust deep into the recesses of a moneyless pocket. This is why he sighed. He was broke. Let us be elegantly *Chipperian* in our language, and say that he'd "caved"—"busted"—"gone in."

Mr. Brown, although a native of New York, had been in this state of impecuniosity many a time before; but then Mr. B. had always got out of it speedily and safely—with unimpaired credit and a new suit of clothes, and occasionally one at law. Now, however, he saw no chance, no opening; he had tried many plans, but failure attended them all.—Nothing was left for him but enlistment or work. These reflections, with many more of like import, were revolving in his mind, when his friend, Mr. Gus Phillips, stood before him.

"Rashe," said that gentleman, as he observed his friend's sadness, "Rashe, you're broke."

"Well, there is no use in continually reminding a fellow of his misfortunes. It is neither kind nor humane."

Mr. Brown was petulant, perhaps sarcastic, in his tone, at which Mr. Phillips only smiled, and to which he responded by observing—

"So am I."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Mr. Brown instantly recovered his affability, and waited for the next remark of his friend, which was this—

"We both want money."

There was no gainsaying this, so Mr. B. kept silent and M. P. proceeded:

"I have an idea."

"Lucky man."

"You have an invitation to the opening party of the season, on Wednesday night."

"Well?"

"She is rich. Her father is a government contractor."

"Well?"

"You are handsome, accomplished. She is young, innocent."

"Well?"

"And your credit is yet unimpeachable—your reputation good."

"Well?"

"*It is well.* Court the girl."

"And marry! Good heavens!"

"You needn't do that. Listen to my plan."

And Mr. Phillips elaborated accordingly, and left Mr. Brown a cheerful man.

* * * * * *

The night of the party came. So did Brown and Phillips—likewise Miss Cornell. She was sixteen, pretty and foolish. Brown was twenty-five, handsome and witty. She danced with him. He waltzed divinely. She talked with him. He was so clever. She flirted with him. He was so attentive. Finally she liked him, and invited him to call. He did so, and she became interested. A seed sown in such a virgin heart soon ripens. She loved him. He called often, and was with her everywhere. The Academy, Wallack's, Central Park, Dusseldorf, Goupil's. She was charmed, and vowed to be his, and his only. One day, though, her father returned from Washington. He heard of these things, and made a few inquiries, the result of which was that Mr. Brown was summoned to his office.

"Sir," said Mr. Cornell, abruptly, "you must give up my daughter."

"Impossible!"

Very theatrical in manners was Horatio; but Mr. Cornell was keen.

"You do not love her, sir."

"Possibly—but she loves me."

"Sir, you are worth nothing!"

"A disagreeable fact."

"You are a sharper—a scoundrel!"

"Take care, sir,—action for libel."

"You want money."

"Very true."

"My daughter loves you—I own it."

"She couldn't help it, sir."

"You must give her up."

"Never!"

"How much money will you take and agree never to see her again?"

"Now you talk business."

"John, bring me my cheque-book."

Mr. Brown was a happy man, and once more prosperous. He had sold out well. How much the cheque was drawn for is therefore no matter.

Miss Cornell wept, then read the last novel, and is now receiving the attentions of a gentleman in the coffee line.—*New York Atlas.*

A VERY PARTICULAR MAN.—Old Mrs. Harris was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next unto godliness," as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but showed a contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world.—"Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee the other morning, because it had a bed-bug in it."

☞ Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in the stranger's gardens.

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

TWO FORTS, MOUNTING 48 GUNS, CAPTURED —DELIGHT IN OUR POSSESSION.—THE NAVY ACQUIRES FRESH GLORY.—THE NEGROES EXULTANT.

The steamer Bienville arrived at Old Point (Fortress Monroe) on the 13th, and at New York on the 18th, bringing the few wounded from the fleet.

She left Port Royal on Sunday morning and brings cheering intelligence.

Capt. Steadman proceeded direct to Washington with despatches and trophies of victory, two brass cannon and rebel flags.

He reports the gale encountered by the fleet to have been very severe. The steamers Union and Osceola went ashore and were lost, as previously reported.

The steamer Governor foundered at sea, but the Isaac T. Smith succeeded in saving all her crew, with the exception of a few marines.

The fleet arrived at Port Royal on Monday, the 4th inst. On Tuesday the smaller gunboats sounded, and buoyed out the channel under a fire from the forts, which did no damage. On Wednesday the weather prevented active operations, but on Thursday morning, the 7th inst., the men-of-war and the gunboats advanced to the attack.

The action commenced at 10 o'clock A. M., and was hotly carried on upon both sides, and lasted four hours, at the end of which time the rebels were compelled by the shower of shells to abandon their works and beat a hasty retreat.

Our loss was only eight men and only one officer, the chief engineer of the Mohican. About 20 men were wounded.

The rebel loss is unknown. Fifty-two bodies were found by our men and buried. All their wounded, except two, were carried off.

Two forts were captured—Fort Walker on Hilton Head, mounting 23 guns, and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point, mounting 19 guns. The guns were of heavy calibre. They were both new and splendid earthworks of great strength, constructed in the highest style of military science, and pronounced by our engineers as impregnable against any assault by land forces.

The final retreat of the rebels was a perfect rout. They left everything—arms, equipments of all kinds, even to the officers' swords and commissions. All the letters and papers, both public and private, order books and descriptions of all kinds were left in their flight, and fell into our hands, affording our officers much valuable information. Among the papers was a despatch from Jeff. Davis to the commander of the post, informing him of the time of the firing of the fleet, and that he knew their destination to be Port Royal.

The whole surrounding country was seized with a perfect panic. The day after the fight the Seneca and two other gunboats, under the command of Lieut. Ammen, proceeded up to Beaufort, and found but one man in the town and he was drunk.

All the plantations up the river seemed to be deserted except by the negroes, who were seen in great numbers, and who, as the boats passed, came down to the shore with their bundles in their hands, as if expecting to be taken off.

All the letters in the Beaufort post-office were seized.

After the capture of the forts, the whole army, about 15,000 strong, were safely landed and established on the sacred soil of South Carolina.

The forts were but little injured, but the rebels could not stand the explosion of our big shells.

The force of the enemy, as ascertained by their papers, was from 3,000 to 4,000 men, under Gen. Drayton, of South Carolina.

Our victory is complete. The enemy leaving everything but their lives, which they saved by running.

J. S. Bradford, of the Coast Survey, bearer of despatches, and Lieut. R. H. Wyman, commanding the Pawnee, also arrived in the Bienville and take the boat to night for Baltimore.

The boats from the Wabash were the first to land after the fight, and Captain John Rogers was the first man on shore. The boats returned loaded with valuable trophies of all kinds. One of our officers found an elegant cavalry sword, with a solid silver scabbard. Swords, pistols, &c., were scattered about in every direction, and in any quantity. But four prisoners were found, two of them being wounded.

All the hands connected with the fleet are represented as acting in the most gallant manner.

The reporters who accompanied the expedition, return to New York in the Bienville, with full details.

A flag of truce was sent to Norfolk yesterday, but it is understood to have brought no additional tidings.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 13.—From an officer who came up in the Old Point boat this morning, we gather the following additional particulars:—

The gunboat Pawnee, which rendered efficient service in the fight, suffered more severely than any of the war vessels engaged, and yet she was not disabled in the slightest degree. A round shot went through her ward-room and another shell damaged the second lieutenant's room, causing some havoc among the furniture, but doing the ship no material damage. This ship lost six killed, and two others of her gallant fellows were wounded.

The flag-ship Wabash escaped with the injury to the mainmast by a round shot.

The Pocohontas had but one man injured. The chief engineer of the Mohican was killed, and an assistant engineer of the Pocohontas reported badly injured, if not killed.

The rebels set a trap, but it missed fire.—When our brave fellows landed to take possession of the forts, they found the rebel flag at the fort on Hilton Head still flying, and just as one of our men pulled at the halyards to draw down the traitorous banner, an explosion took place in the house just vacated by the rebel officers, but doing little damage and injuring no one.

It was found on examination that the rebels had, before evacuating the place, arranged what they thought would prove a deadly trap to the victors. Mines had been laid and matches so arranged that when the halyards of the flag should be drawn down, the mines would be sprung, firing the magazines and blow up the whole work, and involve the visitors in a common ruin. But it did not go off, and soon the brave old flag, the Stars and Stripes, waved in triumph from the rebel flag-staff.

The magazines were found to contain large quantities of powder and a vast quantity of ammunition, shot and shell and various descriptions of projectiles, the latter chiefly of English manufacture.

The Susquehanna had three men wounded. The list of casualties, as before stated, gives four as killed and some twenty as wounded, only a small portion of whom were considered seriously or dangerously hurt. All the wounded were doing well, and a great part would be sent home in a few days.

The town of Beaufort was entirely deserted, except by the negroes. The troops had not occupied it when the steamer left, being better engaged in strengthening their position.

Notwithstanding the heavy calibre of the guns in the rebel forts, and their abundant supply of ammunition, as the subsequent discoveries proved, not a single vessel of the fleet was either sunk or burned, and none were seriously injured, or even disabled.

Gen. Sherman has hundreds, perhaps thousands, of negro laborers at his command to work on the new entrenchments.

A terrible panic prevails at Savannah, and it is believed that the capture of that city could be easily effected.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The Tribune's special report from Fortress Monroe says that on Thursday morning the entire fleet formed in two grand lines for the fight.

The steamer Bienville flanked the movement, which was in a circle—first delivering broadsides into Port Beauregard, on the northwest, and as the fleet came round, raking Fort Walker, on the southwest, both forts responded vigorously.

The bombardment lasted between four and five hours, when the rebel flag on Fort Walker came down.

The rebel loss is supposed to be 200. Gen. Drayton commanded at Fort Walker and Col. Elliott at Fort Beauregard.

The rebels retired across Scull Creek to a village 25 miles in the interior, where it is supposed they intend to make a stand.

The negroes had already begun to pillage and destroy Beaufort; the white population having fled to Charleston by small steamers, through the inland route.

It is understood that Gen. Sherman will improve the defences of his position before making any forward movement.

In the forts was a large supply of ammunition, and stores of the best description.

Commodore Dupont will immediately survey the harbor, place buoys and erect lights, and the position will be made a permanent base of operations.

Every one entered into the fight with the determination that the forts should be silenced though it should cost the entire fleet. The fleet stood between 800 and 1,000 feet of the forts, and used five-second fuses and poured shells into them at the rate of 2,000 per hour. Not a single shell sent by the rebels burst in a ship.

The Wabash was struck several times, as was most of the fleet, but every ship was in a fighting position, when the rebels took to their heels. The surgeon of Fort Walker was killed.

At Charleston, the next day, thirteen minute guns were fired, indicative of the burial of a brigadier.

GENERAL ORDER ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY—A NATIONAL SALUTE FIRED AT EVERY NAVY YARD.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Capt. Steadman arrived to-day, at noon, bringing the official despatches from the expedition. He is also the bearer of two rebel flags, one a Palmetto flag, and the American flag first hoisted in South Carolina over Fort Walker.

Capt. Steadman reports that the captured forts are magnificent, with covered ways and bomb-proofs. All that our troops had to do was to occupy them, and they can be held against any force.

Among the most efficient vessels were found to be the new gun-boats, and of which the Navy Department had twenty-three constructed expressly for such purposes, and their success, both in the gale and under fire, was perfect.

Commodore Drayton, who commanded the Pocahontas, is a brother of Gen. Drayton, who commanded the rebel forts, and Captain Tattnall, of the Merrimac, brings the despatches, is the son of a former Mayor of Charleston.

On the reception of the official dispatch the following order was issued:

GENERAL ORDER.—The Department announces to the Navy and to the country its high gratification at the brilliant success of the combined Navy and Army forces, respectively commanded by Flag Officer S. F. Dupont and Brig. Gen. Sherman, in the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, commanding the entrance to Port Royal harbor, S. C.

To commemorate this signal victory, it is ordered that a National salute be fired from each navy yard, at meridian, on the day after the receipt of this order. GIDEON WELLES.

November 13th, 1861.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM FLAG OFFICER DUPONT.—The following is a portion of a private letter from Flag Officer Dupont to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

ON BOARD U. S. FRIGATE WABASH, }
PORT ROYAL, S. C., Nov. 9th. }

My Dear Mr. Fox—

During the disheartening events of our passage, my faith never gave way, but at some moments they seemed appalling.

On the other hand, I permit no elation at our success. Yet I cannot refrain from telling you that it has been more complete and more brilliant than I ever could have believed.

I have been too fatigued to give a detailed official account of the battle. My report is full up to the eve of it, and I think will interest you; but I have contented myself with a succinct account, which I think will be liked as well as a more detailed narrative. This I will, however, forward in time for the Secretary's report.

I kept under way and made three turns through; I passed five times between the forts; I had a flanking division of five ships to watch old Tatnall, who had eight small and swift steamers ready to pounce upon any of us should they be disabled.

I could get none of my big frigates up. I thought the Sabine would have gotten clear to the St. Lawrence; I sent no word, and the order was taken off. I do not regret it now, except on their own account.

I believe my plan was a clever one. I stood against the side and had the management the better in consequence. Their contact with the enemy was momentary, but they could drive us away. They fought bravely, and the rifled guns never missed. An 80-pounder rifle shot went through our mainmast in the very centre, making an awful hole.

They aimed at our hull, where they knew they would make a hole if lucky. A shot in the centre let water into the after magazine, but I saved perhaps a hundred lives by keeping under way, and being in close, we found their sights graduated at six hundred yards. When they once broke, the stampede was intense, and not a gun was spiked.

In truth I never witnessed such a fire as that of this ship on her second turn, and I am told that its effect upon the spectators outside of her was intense. I learn when they saw the flag flying on shore the troops were powerless to cheer, but wept.

Gen. Sherman was deeply affected, and the soldiers are loud and unstinting in their expressions of admiration and gratitude.

The works are most scientifically constructed and there is nothing like Fort Walker on Hilton Head.

I did not allow the victory to check our ardor, but dispatched some vessels, under Capt. Giles, over the other side to-day.

I sent an expedition to Beaufort to save the light vessels, but they were fired instantly after the surrender.

Beaufort is deserted. The negroes are wild with joy and revenge. They have been shot down, they say, like dogs, because they would not go off with their masters.

I have already a boat at Scull Creek and the communication with Charleston and Savannah is cut off.

We have captured forty-three pieces of cannon, most of them of the heaviest calibre and of the most improved description.

The bearer of these despatches will have the honor to carry with him the captured flags and two small brass field pieces, lately belonging to the state of South Carolina, which we send them as suitable trophies of the success of the navy.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER.—The following is an extract from a private letter from one of the officers engaged in the bombardment:

"I am sure our success will rejoice your heart. It has been complete, and terror runs over the whole country. The negroes are wild, and plundering their master's houses. The whites have been driving the negroes away by force and shooting them down, but they still come down to the gunboats.

"The moment Gen. Drayton took to his horse in the panic of the 7th, his two hundred servants went directly to the Wabash. This is worthy of notice as putting down the romance that the slaves were ready to fight for their masters. They surrounded Capt. Ammen in crowds, at Beaufort, one of them calling out in the joy of his heart—"I didn't think you could do it, massa!"

THE FORTS.—Fort Walker, at Hilton's Head, was on a point of land twenty feet above the surface of the water. It was a plain sand bank, and was on the estate of a man named Wm. Pope, whose house the rebels used as a hospital. The furniture still remained, and in the library was found files of the Charleston Mercury for twenty years past, together with a very valuable assortment of books and pictures. The house had been used by rebels since June or July last. Some of the best engineers in America declare that Fort Walker was a perfect model of workmanship. Fort Beauregard, at Bay Point, was on a splendid cotton plantation, and very similar to its companion in elevation, although not so large. The fleet of the rebels consisted of eight gunboats, all of which are by this time either at Charleston or Savannah.

It is said that thirteen hundred men garrisoned Fort Walker, and five hundred Fort Beauregard, from Georgia and South Carolina. There was one immense gun at the latter fort, weighing sixteen thousand pounds, throwing a shell weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. This was the last gun fired, and at a distance of two thousand yards the ball whistled over the centre of the Bienville. The last shot burst the gun, which was of Richmond manufacture.

The story that the rebel guns dismounted themselves is incorrect; only one suffered this fate, and this was when it had become so heated as to break the bands. One ball passed through the mainmast of the Wabash. The transports lay three or four miles off, and witnessed the conflict. The sound of cannon is reported to have been heard at Charleston, more than fifty miles distant. The batteries were thoroughly demolished, but none of the guns were spiked.

BAD FIX OF A PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.—The steamer Winfield Scott reached the rendezvous on the evening of the 3d, with loss of masts, and her bow store in. She had an extremely rough time, and was obliged to throw over her three rifle cannon, all her freight, the muskets and equipments of her five hundred men, and everything but their clothes, to keep her from sinking; and but for the labor of the soldiers in bailing her; the fires would have been put out, and nothing could have saved her.

The steamer Bienville went to her relief when her chief engineer, his assistant, and three of the crew, jumped upon the Bienville, leaving the Scott to her fate. Their action nearly created a panic among the soldiers, who gave up all for lost, but the captain of the Scott put the chief engineer into irons, and brought him and the recreant crew back, when things went on better.

Col. Clark, of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, five hundred of whom were aboard the Scott, describes the night as one of horror. The gale was terrible, and the vessel a mere shell. The men were terrified by the cracking of the timbers, as the masts went overboard, and despair seized them when they discovered that she leaked badly, to which succeeded a panic, when the crew attempted to escape.

The Scott was taken in tow by the Vanderbilt, which cut clear from the Great Republic in the gale.

RAN TOO FAST.—Our gun-boats were sent up the creek to cut off the retreat of the rebels; but where they disappeared to could not be ascertained.

The First Brigade landed on Southern Point on Thursday evening, and at Hilton Head on Nov. 9th. This point is on South Island. The New York Seventy-ninth Regiment have possession of Bay Point.

The rest of the troops, with the Generals, are on Hilton Head.

Five of the twenty guns of this fort were dismounted.

There were 1,800 rebels on Hilton Head, and 1,300 on Bay Point.

We have captured 35 cannon, 500 muskets, and any quantity of ammunition.

The road by which the rebels escaped was covered with rifles, muskets, knapsacks, &c.

We have taken at least 2,500 blankets, and tents for 5,000 men.

The rebel guns were all 32-pounders, four being rifled, and cast this year at Richmond. The others were from Norfolk, including the English gun captured in the last war. The musket ammunition is English, and the fort ammunition from Richmond.

The chief engineer of the Susquehanna was killed.

Thirty dead rebels have been found, and more were hastily buried in the sand.

The Georgia troops ran first, the South Carolina troops last.

A German artillery company, who served the guns, stayed till the last camps on both points were given up to plunder by the mass, who reaped rich harvests.

EXTRACT FROM GEN. SHERMAN'S REPORT.—After the works were reduced, I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully constructed work on Hilton Head was severely crippled, and many of the guns dismounted. Much slaughter has evidently been made there, many bodies having been buried in the fort, and some 20 or 30 were found, some half a mile distant. The island for many miles was found strewed with arms and accoutrements, and the baggage of the rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into possession of about forty pieces of cannon, most of which of the heaviest calibre, and the most approved models, and a large quantity of camp equipage.

It is my duty to report the valuable services of Mr. Boutelle, assistant in the Coast Survey, assisting me with his accurate and extensive knowledge of this country. His services are invaluable to the army, as well as to the navy, and I earnestly recommend that important service be taken of this very able and scientific officer by the War Department.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. SHERMAN,
Brigadier General Commanding.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—After landing, and taking possession of the forts, Gen. Sherman issued the following Proclamation:

"*To the People of South Carolina.*—In obedience to the orders of the President of these United States of America, I have landed on your shores with a small force of national troops. The dictates of a duty which, under these circumstances, I owe to a great sovereign State, and to a proud and hospitable people, among whom I have passed some of the pleasantest days of my life, prompt me to proclaim that we have come amongst you with no feelings of personal animosity, no desire to harm your citizens, destroy your property, or interfere with any of your lawful rights or your social and local institutions, beyond what the causes herein briefly alluded to may render unavoidable.

"Citizens of South Carolina, the civilized world stands appalled at the course you are pursuing—appalled at the crime you are committing against your own mother, the best, the most enlightened and, heretofore, the most prosperous of nations.

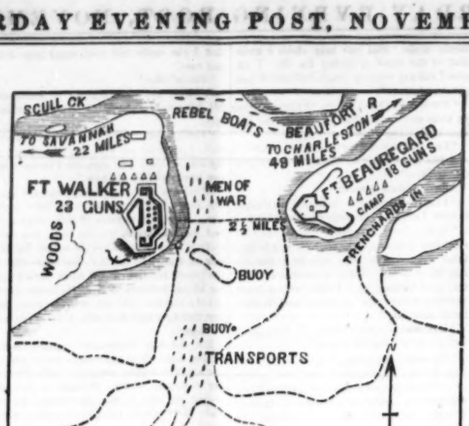
"You are in a state of active rebellion against the laws of your country. You have lawlessly seized upon the forts, arsenals, and other property belonging to our common country, and which by your borders, and with this property you are in arms and waging a ruthless war against your constitutional government, and thus threatening the existence of a government which you are bound by the terms of a solemn compact to live under and faithfully support. In doing this, you are not only undermining and preparing the way for totally ignoring your own political and social existence, but you are threatening the civilized world with the odious sentiment that self-government is impossible with civilized man.

"Fellow-citizens: I implore you to pause and reflect upon the tenor and consequence of your acts. If the awful sacrifices made by the devastation of our property, the shedding of fraternal blood in battle, the mourning and wailing of widows and orphans throughout our land, are insufficient to deter you from further pursuing this unholy war, then ponder, I beseech you, upon the ultimate but not less certain result which is the further progress must necessarily and naturally entail upon your once happy and prosperous State.

"Indeed, can you pursue this fratricidal war, and can you imbrue your hands in the loyal blood of your countrymen—your friends—your kinsmen, for no other object than to unlawfully disrupt the confederacy of a great people—a confederacy established by your own hands—in order to set up, were it possible, an independent government, under which you can never live in peace, prosperity, or quietness?

"Carolinians: We have come among you as loyal men, fully impressed with our constitutional obligations to the citizens of your State. These obligations shall be performed as far as in our power. But be not deceived. The obligation of suppressing armed combinations against the constitutional authorities is paramount to all others. If in the performance of this duty, other minor but important obligations should be in any way neglected, it must be attributed to the necessities of the case, because rights dependent on the laws of the State must be necessarily subordinate to the military exigencies created by insurrection and rebellion.

(Signed) T. W. SHERMAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.
Head Quarters, Port Royal, S. C., Nov. 8th, 1861.



FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD.

Plan Showing One Position of the Naval Vessels During the Action of Nov. 7.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT PORT ROYAL—SOUTHERN DESCRIPTIONS—THEY GIVE CREDIT TO OUR NAVY.

The Charleston Courier of the 11th gives full particulars of the engagement at Hilton's Head and Bay Point. It says:

Unfortunately, at an early period in the action, the large 10-inch Columbiad in Fort Walker, in consequence of the bad working of the eccentric, became altogether unmanagable, and could not again be used during the action. The storm of iron hail that came bursting through the air from the fleet after this accident, was beyond all description. It was more like the noise of winds roaring through the rigging of a vessel in the midst of a tempest. Providentially, however, up to 12 o'clock M., although there had been marvellously hairbreadth escapes, not a man had been killed. At that hour, however, the enemy had succeeded in entirely enfilading the fort with his fleet, and commenced a tremendous fire in a direct line against the fort, which proved very destructive and disastrous.

There were eleven killed and fifteen wounded inside of the fort, ten of the former and twelve of the latter being of the German battalion of artillery of our city. The German battalion occupied the inside portion of the fort, against which the fire of the enemy was powerfully directed.

The vessels had all the advantage of fair weather and a smooth sea. The light-breeze blowing on shore at the time was also favorable to the fleet, the smoke being driven directly in the face of our troops in the battery at Fort Walker. The huge volumes of smoke at times completely concealed the whole of the approaching vessels from the view of those in the fort.

The manœuvring of the vessels was admitted by some of our best naval officers to have been grandly executed. As quickly as our batteries obtained range of the enemy's vessels, so as to bear upon them effectually, they immediately changed their positions, and again our artillerists were compelled to get the range only by practice.

BEAUFORT TO BE DEFENDED BY THE REBELS.

It appears from a special dispatch to the Charleston Courier, dated Pocotaligo, the 12th instant, says that a detachment of light artillery had left Beaufort at daylight. Two gunboats lie a mile and a half below the town. The place is unoccupied by the enemy. *The negroes report that the Federals visit Beaufort daily, but return at night.*

We have tales from the fleet to the 11th, which said the Union troops would take formal possession of Beaufort on the 14th.

It was rumored at Fort Walker that the Union pickets on the opposite side of the island had been attacked by the rebels, and reinforcements were sent out from the fort.

The Charleston papers of the 12th, further say:—

Gen. Lee is making extensive preparations to defend Beaufort, which place has not been occupied by Gen. Sherman. The negroes are engaged in removing the cotton and other property.

Two U. S. gunboats are aground near the village.

The Charleston Courier states that there is but little cotton stored at or near Beaufort.

Messrs. Pope and Bayard, who reside on Hilton Island, set fire to every building on their premises, and also their crops, leaving a mass of ruins behind them.

The guns of the Lady Davis and the Huntress have been placed in battery at Port Royal Ferry, under command of Col. Donovant, where a stand will be made.

A large number of families have left Savannah for up country.

On Saturday last, according to the Charleston papers, there was no sign of Gen. Sherman taking possession of Beaufort. The Rutledge Mounted Riflemen started for Beaufort on Sunday morning, and also a detachment of additional mounted riflemen. Col. Clingman's North Carolina regiment was also on the way.

The Charleston Mercury condemned the manner in which the rebels have neglected to prepare for the emergency.

THE RHINOCEROS'S FRIEND.—The rhinoceros's boat friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy, is a little bird, the Buphaga Africana, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the huge beast, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to hold fast to whatever portion of the animal it fancies. If it rendered the rhinoceros no better service than ridding him of, these biting pests, it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger afar off, and at once shoots up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of; he doesn't wait to make inquiry, but makes off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the Buphaga fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears, and otherwise exert itself to rouse its thick-headed friend.

☞ YOUR OWN EPITAPH.—Write your own epitaph in youth; make it as flattering as possible—and then devote the rest of your life to efforts to deserve it.

☞ THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.—The Illinois Central Railroad has furnished three of the prominent Federal generals, viz.:—Major-General George B. McClellan, formerly Vice President of the road, Major-General N. P. Banks, resident Director, and Brigadier-General A. E. Burnside, Treasurer of the road, resident in New York.

☞ In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "if water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the *coats* of your stomach?"

☞ ANCIENT WARS.—In three battles of sacred history, 540,000 are mentioned as having been slain. At Marathon, Thermopylæ and Platea, 320,000 fell.

☞ A letter from Kansas says the crops have made a large yield—corn selling at twenty cents per bushel, hay at three dollars per ton; potatoes are very plenty and cheap. So Kansas this winter will be able to take care of herself.

☞ A LAZY MAN.—A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man to attain so much education, answered: "I didn't—attain—I just heard it—here—and—there—and was too lazy to forget."

☞ Swift said that the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

FREMONT AT ST. LOUIS.

Gen. Fremont was met with great enthusiasm on returning to St. Louis. A torchlight procession accompanied him to his quarters, and Mr. J. C. Vogel, chairman of a committee, made an address, in which he said, "The true causes which led to your recall are understood and appreciated. You have risen too fast in popular favor,"—closing with the presentation of the following resolutions, previously adopted by the German citizens in town meeting:—

THE RESOLUTIONS.

We, the citizens of St. Louis, of German extraction, in mass meeting assembled to give expression of our sentiments towards Major General John C. Fremont, have solemnly and unanimously resolved:

"1. That we recognize in John C. Fremont the embodiment of our patriotic feeling and political faith.

2. That, notwithstanding many paralyzing circumstances, he has performed his arduous and responsible task with all possible energy and honesty.

3. That we admire his impartiality and sagacity in selecting his military counsellors, without national prejudices, from among such men as he considered true and worthy of his confidence.

4. That we will stand by him as long as he shall prove true to himself.

5. That while we submit to the action of the Government, as behooves loyal citizens, we regret to be deprived at the present moment of the services of a leader in conquering the rebel enemy, and believe we recognize in this event a wise Providence which may have reserved him for a still wider sphere of action in future times.

Gen. Fremont, during the reading of the address and resolutions, apparently found it difficult to restrain his emotions, and when he first commenced to respond, his voice was quite tremulous. His response was as follows:—

Gentlemen:—I wish to say to you that your kind and affectionate—I may even say affectionate—reception of me moves my heart. It cheers me and strengthens my confidence—my confidence, already somewhat wavering—in our republican institutions. I felt all day as we passed through the country—I feel emphatically, to-night—that the faithful servant of the people, honestly laboring in the public cause, will not be allowed to suffer undeserved, and I feel stronger.

Since I left you a few weeks ago, many accusations have been rained on my defenceless head—defenceless, because my face was turned, like the public enemy. What I see and hear to-night, the address you have just read to me, and the approving multitude below, show me that I was not wrong in leaving my defence with you. In regard to the baseless charges made against me, I will say nothing now. You do not require it, and to speak of them would jar upon the generous feelings with which you come here to-night. Others have been already answered by my brave soldiers in battle, by springfield, and by gross incompetency and a weak and aimless administration, to all of these I will adopt your address and the shouts of the grand multitude assembled below as my answer. And for all this, gentlemen, you are and to them, I renew my thanks with all my heart, which, to-night, is roused to full sensibility by the hearty and unqualified expression of your confidence and approbation, so valuable and grateful in the hour of misfortune.

I shall soon have occasion, for I shall make occasion, to answer all these charges more definitely.

Until then I will rely upon this evening for my defence.

After the General had delivered the above response, the committee gathered about him, and he shook hands with each member therefrom in the most cordial manner.

In the meantime, the crowd outside had begun to grow impatient, and in obedience to the tumultuous cries of the multitude, the General presented himself upon the portico. His appearance was the signal for a tremendous outburst of applause, which he acknowledged by bowing.

Having remained in view of the vast assemblage for more than ten minutes, he reentered the headquarters, and directly after the crowd began to disengage itself and disperse, the sound of their departing footsteps blending with the echoes of their enthusiastic cheers.

COL. JENNISON'S PROCLAMATION.

Col. Jennison of the first Kansas cavalry, has issued a proclamation to the people of Jackson, Lafayette, Cass, Johnson, and Pettis counties, Missouri, from which the following extracts are made:

"We march to enforce the laws and sustain the government. Every loyal citizen is expected to give evidence of his loyalty by active efforts for the protection of the flag for four months. Our arms have marched through your territory. Your professed friendship has been a fraud. Your oaths of allegiance have been shams and perjury. You feed the rebel army, you act as spies, while claiming to be true to the Union. We do not care about your past political opinions. Should you be permitted hereafter to differ from us, but neutrality is ended. If you are patriots you must fight. If you are traitors you will be punished. The time for fighting has come. Every man who feeds, harbors, protects, or in any way gives aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, will be held responsible for his treason with his life and property.

"While the property of Union men and all their rights will be resolutely respected, traitors and their property will be treated as outlaws, the enemies of God and man, too base to hold any description of property, and having no rights which loyal men are bound to respect. The last dollar and the last slave of rebels will be taken and turned over to the general government. Playing war is "played out," and whenever Union troops are fired upon, the answer will boom forth from the cannon's mouth, and desolation will follow in their train. All the land between Fort Leavenworth and the headquarters of the army of the west is under the jurisdiction of the United States, and we propose to have a regular road over it and safe communication through it, no matter at what cost of rebel treason and blood."

THE ARMY IN MISSOURI.

Generals Hunter, Pope, and Sturgis's division of the army, left Springfield on Saturday last for the north, and Generals Siegel and Asboth's commands left for the south, on Friday evening, with instructions to encamp two miles below Wilson's Creek.

Upon the arrival of Gen. McKinstry, late Quartermaster-General in St. Louis on the 14th, in conformity with orders from headquarters at Washington by letter. He met at the camp by several officers, arrested and conveyed to the Arsenal under instructions that he should hold no communication with any one. His cashier, Mr. Hahn, was also arrested. Gen. Sturgis now commands Gen. McKinstry's division.

☞ If you can't coax the fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Boston papers speak in terms of great praise of the character of William Lowell Putnam, a young lieutenant who fell at Ball's Bluff. Having a presentiment of death, he wrote a letter home, saying: "You know, mother, that it is easy to die in such a cause, and, after all, death is but one step on in life." After his fall, "with a self-denial worthy of Sir Philip Sidney," he added, "I would not even accept the service of a surgeon, knowing that he was beyond human skill or care, and feeling that there were others around him who might need it more than he. Such life and death are not in vain."

THE evidence taken by the Congressional Committee in St. Louis, has not yet been published. As yet, there has been no report made or agreed upon by the Committee, and no person whatever, outside of that Committee, and its clerk, has had access to the testimony. The account recently published has nothing official about it.

H. ROWAN HELPER, of N. C., author of the "Impending Crisis," has been appointed Consul to Buenos Ayres.

THE Washington *Star* says that General Johnson has concentrated at Winchester six thousand of the Confederate army, and about five thousand Virginia militia. This has been done clearly for the purpose of a sudden assault upon the position occupied by Gen. Kelly at Romney.

THE burning of the railway bridge over the Cumberland river proves true, and has occasioned great alarm in the rebel camp at Bowling Green.

THE stock vote in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has resulted in favor of the lease of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, by ayes 135,622 to noes 2,374.

THE War Department has dismissed the officers of Fremont's staff, and also all officers appointed by him without the approval of the President, except company and regimental officers.

THE Unionists in East Tennessee, on Friday night, burned five railroad bridges. The loss to the enemy is very heavy.

IN Richmond, Va., the rebels have, by lot, chosen from among the U. S. captives in jail there, Col. Corcoran, three captains, and eighteen lieutenants, whom they say they will hang, in case Captain Baker and the crew of the privateer Savannah should be hung at New York.

IT is the impression that one hundred thousand men will be quartered upon the enemy in South Carolina this winter. It is stated that the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth New Jersey Regiments have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to be transported. Orders have been issued to several regiments in the army of the Potomac to hold themselves in readiness to reinforce General Sherman; while the Washington *Star* states that two regiments have already gone forward, and that they will be followed by *fifteen thousand more men by Saturday next.*

CONFESSION OF A REBEL EMISSARY TO EUROPE.—YANCEY TO HIS SON.—Boston, Nov. 14.—On the person of James Brown, who was arrested here as a traitor, was found a letter from W. L. Yancey, in England, to his son in Alabama, in which he speaks discouragingly of the prospects of a recognition of the rebels by the European powers.

THE rebel loss at Belmont, opposite Columbus, is stated as follows in the *Memphis Appeal*, of the 9th:—"Our information leads us to believe that the loss of the Confederate forces in killed, wounded, and missing, will approximate a total of five hundred. The loss in Col. Pappan's Arkansas regiment is 50 or 60 killed, and 300 wounded."

A LETTER from Hilton Head, of the 11th inst., states that the entire Fresnel lighting apparatus, formerly used in the Hunting Island and Martin's Industry Lighthouses, was discovered in the rebel fort and in the arsenal at Beaufort. They were taken aboard the Wabash, and will be placed in their old positions.

IT has been officially resolved, in convention, to change the name of the republic of New Grenada to the United States of Columbia.

A LETTER from Crab Orchard to the Louisville Journal says that Zollicoffer and his rebel horde retreated on Wednesday, blockading the road from Cumberland Ford to Cumberland Gap, by blasting immense rocks from the hills into the road.

THE Norfolk Day Book, of the 14th, says that the accounts of bridges burning in Tennessee have been much exaggerated. Some of the bridges have been repaired, and the telegraph lines rebuilt.

RUMORS from East Tennessee report great excitement there. Fears were entertained by the rebels of a general outbreak.

THE excitement at Savannah upon the receipt of the news from Beaufort is reported to have been intense. Crowds collected in the streets, families commenced packing up, and females and children were sent into the interior.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., has been placed under martial law.

THE Lorettes, who lead the fashions of Paris, and of the world, are dropping crinoline. They have the courage to alight from their "Voitures" and promenade the *Bois* in habits full free and flowing. The grand dames will follow suit next year. It takes a bold, bad woman to "set a fashion."

ARMING THE NEGROES—SPEECH OF COL. COCHRANE.—GEN. CAMERON ENDORSES HIS VIEWS.—Col. John Cochrane delivered an address to his regiment, at Washington, last week, in the presence of Secretary Cameron, and other distinguished gentlemen. The most important point in his argument was in relation to the treatment of slaves during the present contest. He said we should use every means in our power to subdue the rebellion; that we should take their cotton, and sell or burn it as might be best; seize their arms and munitions of war; confiscate their property; and, when necessary, take their property; and when slaves were used as an element of strength against us, we should not hesitate to take them, and if necessary, *to place arms in their hands that they might assist us in establishing the rights of a common humanity.*

This sentiment was received by the soldiers with unbounded enthusiasm.

At the close of the address, the regiment loudly called for Secretary Cameron, who stepped forward and said:—Soldiers it is too late for me to make you a speech to night, but I will say *that I heartily approve every sentiment uttered by your noble commander. The doctrines which he has laid down I approve as if they were my own words.* There are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead you to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. *Every means which God has placed in our hands it is our duty to use for the purpose of protecting ourselves.* I am glad of the opportunity to say here, what I have already said elsewhere, in these few words, that *I approve the doctrines of the evening enunciated by Col. Cochrane.* [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

☞ Oratory may be symbolized by a warrior's eye, flashing from under a philosopher's brow. But why a warrior's eye rather than a poet's? Because in oratory the will must predominate.

NEW MILITARY COMMANDERS.

The War Department has issued orders concerning several Military Departments: The Department of New Mexico is to be commanded by Col. E. R. S. Canby; the Department of Kansas, including Kansas, part of the Indian Territory, Nebraska, Colorado, and Dacota, is to be commanded by Major-General Hunter; the Department of Missouri, including Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, Kentucky west of the Cumberland river, is to be commanded by Major-General Halleck; the Department of Ohio, including Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky east of the Cumberland river, is to be commanded by Brigadier-General Buell; the Department of Western Virginia, including that portion of the State lately in the old Department of Ohio, is to be commanded by Brigadier-General Rosecrans.

Gen. Hunter has issued orders to the Missouri army to avoid any encounter with the enemy not forced upon it, till the Department can be reorganized and the troops consolidated.

Generals Halleck and Buell are on their way to supersede both him and Sherman.

THE Unionists of Virginia have a camp of about 1,300 men at Elizabethtown, near the North Carolina line, and another of 700 near Strawberry Plains.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a very little demand for flour, either for export or home use. Sales reach about 6000 bbls, mostly for shipment, at $5,50@5,62½ for superfine; $5,62½@5,87½ for extras, the latter for Lancaster Co., and $5,75@6 for Western and Penna family, including 300 bbls sour Flour, at $5, and 250 bbls fine middlings at $4,75@4,87½. The sales to the trade have been limited, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to $7,50 ₱ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are selling in a small way at $3,87½@4 for the former, and $3,80 ₱ bbl for Penna Meal. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are making at about $2 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off very materially this week, and holders, with a good demand both for shipment and milling, have held up their prices fully 2c ₱ bus. Sales reach some 65,000 bus at 130@135c for fair to prime Western and Penna Reds; 135@140c for Southern do, and from 140 to 150c for inferior to choice White. Rye is in better demand, and all offered, about 15,000 bus, found buyers at 70@72c for Penna, and 65@66c for Southern.—Corn comes in slowly, and is in steady demand at an advance of 2c ₱ bus, with sales of 40,000 bus to note at 62c for Western mixed; 63@64c for Penna Yellow in store, and 65@66c for Penna and Southern do afloat. Some White sold at 70@72c, and new Yellow at 40@50c, as to condition. Oats are less active, with sales of 30,000 bus at 38@39c for Southern, and 40@40½ for Penna. Barley and Malt are steady, with sales of the former at 72@74c for New York, and of the latter at 86@90c. White Beans are worth $1,50@1,75 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS.—There is no quotable change in the market for the hog product generally, but the receipts and stocks are light, and the demand for most kinds limited. Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $14¼@15¾, and Mess Beef at $13@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city; about 1,500 bbls have been taken from the packers, mostly to fill government contracts, on terms kept private. Beef Hams are steady at $17. Bacon moves off slowly at 6½@9c for plain and fancy Hams, 6½@7c for Sides, and 5½@6c for Shoulders. Of green meat the stock is nearly exhausted, and the sales small. Lard comes in slowly, and 150 tcs and bbls Western brought 9@9¼c, cash and time; kegs are scarce, and worth 9½c. Butter is dull at 7½@9c for packed; roll brings 12@14c, the latter for prime lots. Cheese is unchanged and quiet at 6½@7c ₱ lb. Eggs continue scarce, and command 16@17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The demand for this staple has been limited on the market firm, with a very reduced stock on sale, the week's transactions reaching about 200 bales in small lots, at from 22 to 25c, mostly cash; the latter for good middlings.

ASHES.—There is a small business doing in both Pots and Pearls at quotations.

BARK continues slowly, and last No 1 Quercitron finds ready sale at $28 ₱ ton, at which rate about 50 hhds have been disposed of. Tanners' Bark is quiet, and prices the same.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow commands 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The demand for Anthracite, both for shipment and the home consumption, and the market very firm. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,30@3,40; Prepared do $3,35@3,45; Red Ash do $3,40@3,50; Lehigh Lump do $3,60; Prepared do $3,65, by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE.—The want of stock has a tendency to limit trade, only some 600 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 15½@16¼c, including Laguayra at 17@17¼c, and Java at 20@22c, on time.

COPPER is quiet, but for Yellow Metal there is a steady demand, and holders now ask 30c ₱ lb, usual credit.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good Western move off slowly at 37@40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are moderate at 3½@3¾c for dried Apples, the latter for new, and 6@7c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches, as in quality. Green Apples are more abundant, and selling at $3@4, and Cranberries at $8@9 ₱ bbl, as in quality.

HAY is firmer, and good Timothy is selling at 75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is little or no stock in first hands, and no change to note in the market.

HOPS are dull and selling in a small way only at 18@24c ₱ lb.

IRON is better demand, the firmness of holders, however, limiting operations to some 1500 tons at $18 for Anthracite No 1, cash, and $20 on time; and $17 for No 2, cash, and $19 on time. In Blooms and Boiler Plates there is very little movement.

LEAD continues scarce and in demand at the advance. We hear of further large sales in New York.

LUMBER is unchanged, and White and Yellow Pine Boards are wanted at about previous rates. 800,000 St. John Laths sold from the vessel at $1,30 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is very quiet, with a small business only to note at fully former rates.

RICE.—There is very little offering or selling, and the market is quiet at 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb.

SALT is unchanged, two cargoes of Turks Island have been disposed of, one to go west, and 8,000 sacks ground, on terms kept private; about 15,000 sacks, part fine, remain unsold.

SEEDS.—There is very little prime Cloverseed offering, and good lots are scarce and wanted, at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ bus. 500 bus re-cleaned seed sold at 8c ₱ lb. Of Timothy, which is dull and neglected, sales are reported at $1,50@1,75 ₱ bus, mostly at the former rate. Flaxseed comes in freely, and is in request at $1,82½@1,85 ₱ bus.

PLASTER is arriving and selling slowly at $2,25 ₱ ton, the season being nearly over.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in Brandy or Gin, and prices are firm and on the advance. N. E. Rum is steady at 31@32c. Whiskey is also steady, with sales of 1500 bbls at 21@21½c, mostly at the latter rate for prime Ohio. Hhds, which are scarce, sold at 21c, and drudge at 20@20½c.

SUGARS.—The receipts and stocks are light, and the market firm, with further sales of 350 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 8@9c, on time.

TALLOW is firm but inactive, with further sales of City rendered at 9½@9¾c, mostly at the former rate, and country at 8½@9c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO continues firm, and on the advance, the stock on sale being very light, and the demand good at fully former rates.

WOOL.—The market continues firm, at about previous quotations, including foreign at from 25 to 40c, common to quarter and half blood domestic at 52 to 55c, and fine at 50@55c ₱ lb, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1759 head. Prices varying from $5 to 6,50 ₱ cwt. 75 Cows were sold at from $20 to 30 ₱ head. 3000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 7 to 7½ cents ₱ lb, net. 2460 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE D. LEWIS, 308 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DIFFERENT SPECIES.—No man knows, or ever will know, the exact number of kinds of living creatures in the whole world. Leaving out the animalcula, which are beyond counting, naturalists compute the number of species at about 153,000. Six thousand varieties of stuffed birds are said to be in the Berlin Museum, and this collection contains one specimen of every species of bird that has been discovered. They are supposed to be about the same number of kinds of fish, not including shell-fish, of which there are 10,000 species. The reptiles number 1,500, and the sucking animals 1,700. The most numerous class of creatures is that to which insects belong, and which includes the insects of land and water. Of these there are 130,000 varieties. So, leaving out the insects, the number of species is not very great.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, WILLIAM J. second son of John Hanna, Esq., White House, county Donegal, Ireland, to CATHARINE J. eldest daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Hon. Alex. Henry, Mayor, THOMAS GEORGE MORTON, M. D. to ANNIE J. daughter of Dr. Thos. S. Kirkbride, both of this city.

At Trinity Church, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Thos. M. Martin, Mr. WILLIAM H. FEARSON, to ALBINA BIRCH, daughter of Capt. James Vescoe, all of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JESSE FOSTER, to Miss ELIZABETH EVANS, both of Bethel, Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE H. BANTHAM, to Miss ABIGAIL DOLAN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. CHARLES E. CLINGER, to Miss JOSEPHINE F. SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. David Steele, Mr. ROBERT CRIEN, to Miss MARY J. SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 10th inst., Mr. THOMAS W. STERLLING, in the —— year of his age.

On the 11th instant, after a long and lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. MARY ORR, relict of the late John Orr, aged 69 years.

On Tuesday, 12th instant, WILLIAM SMITH, Esq., Counsellor at Law, in his 81st year.

On the 8th instant, of consumption, Mr. Jos. H. MOORE, in his 29th year.

On Friday morning, 8th instant, LEWIS B. TAYLOR, in his 56th year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN WECKERLY, Sr. in his 67th year.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 11th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SINES, in her 66th year.

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Suddenly, on the morning of the 11th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SINES, in her 66th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Wm. L. Perkins, aged 52 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ANN FLETCHER, in her 59th year.

On the 11th instant, MARTIN BICKINGS, in his 43d year.

On the morning of the 11th instant, after a severe illness, EDWARD BOYLE, aged 81 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 16, 1861.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	—
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1 to dis.
Georgia	30 dis.	New York State	par
Illinois	3 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2½ dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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sep7-tf

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nov19-13t

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EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their affliction to the fatal mistake of permitting a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which your country's experience and the demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It clears away the lingering inflammation of the lungs, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for the cure of Consumption, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant, so certain, so safe, can produce so immediate benefit? Give it a trial then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by thousands in every part of the civilized world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-tf

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
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INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!
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They relieve a Cough instantly.
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They give strength and volume to the Voice.
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They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.
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ALL KINDS
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By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented, and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.
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They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.
For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.
The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.
They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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CAUTION.
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
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is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Wit and Humor.

THE STUDENTS AND THE CABMAN:

AN ENGLISH SKETCH.

There is an amusing story told by a very distinguished writer of fiction. It is a story of two young friends of his—students in the Temple—who, at the invitation of Dr. Munroe, were going to look over Bedlam, and see "the lions" in the mad line there under Dr. Munroe's care and treatment. There was the cabman who fired at the Queen; the German lady who fancied herself the wife of a royal personage in England; the attorney who insisted upon it that he was Napoleon, that he was *not* dead—that he had only "shammed" to effect his escape; the garrulous Neapolitan, who never ceased the whole day talking, and continued to do so after he had fallen asleep; and several other celebrities then in that benevolent institution.

The two students (said the author) agreed to hire a cab at Waterloo Bridge, and not tell the driver "where to" until they were seated inside; when one, whom I must call *he sane one*, was to whisper mysteriously into the ear of the cabman the word "Bedlam," and then cast a meaning look over his shoulder toward his companion, whom I must call *the mad one*.

The cabman had not driven more than ten yards when the mad one arrested his attention by poking him on the side, and repeating to him, in a loud, sonorous voice, and with rolling eyes—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
A thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin. His control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds—nor doth remain
A vestige of man's ravage save his own!"

"Yes, sir," said the cabman, jerking his jaded horse, and lashing him up to his greatest speed, a languid hand gallop.

"Captain," cried the mad one, "how's her head? East and by north?"

"Yes, sir," cried the cabman.

"Then let us go about."

"Yes, sir."

"Ready about; tacks and sheets! hard a-lee! topsail haul! and about she goes!"

"Yes, sir," and the cabman struck his horse on the quarter with the butt-end of his broken whip.

"Strike him not, captain, strike him not. Though the world for this commend thee, though it smile upon the blow; e'en its praises must offend thee, founded on another's woe!"

(This word, so welcome to the ears of the weary animal, and shouted out with such frantic vigor, brought him to stand-still *instanter*.) The perspiration, induced partly by his exertions in urging on the horse, and partly by his instinctive horror of mad people, now stood upon the cabman's unwashed brow, and, darting an infuriated look upon the sane one, he remarked—

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to bring him loose in a cab; he's as mad as a hatter!"

"Perfectly harmless, I assure you," responded the sane one; whereupon the mad one pretended to bite his friend's arm.

"Harmless you call it? I wish I could see a policeman."

"Captain," cried the mad one.

"Yes, sir," said the terrified cabman.

"Has she missed stays?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wear her. In so much as deep in my soul the tender secret dwells, lonely and lost to sight forever more, save when mine heart to thine responsive swells, then crumbles into—*Si fractus illabitur orbis—impavidum ferient ruinæ. Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor.* I *hate* you, captain! No, I don't! No, captain, no! While memory holds a seat over this distracted brain, will I remember thee."

"And I'm blowed if ever I shall forget you, my lord."

"There—then it is all right," suggested the sane one, winking at the cabman. "Your differences are now completely adjusted, and no animosity, I am satisfied, lurks in either bosom. Does it?"

"None," said the cabman, "in mine."

"And none in mine," cried the mad one.

"Give us your hand, captain, and then let us steer our proper course."

With fear and trembling, but not until he had put himself in an attitude on the box in which he could withdraw his hand if the insane fare attempted to withhold it, the cabman extended his huge fingers, which were delicately pressed by those of the mad one. The journey was then resumed, the cabman, however, wearing a cautious eye, and keeping it divided between the road and the quarter whence he anticipated the most imminent danger, while the sane one was convulsed with laughter, and the mad one gave himself up to quoting sundry passages from the classics, and inviting the cabman to give him his candid opinion touching their merit and excellence.

On arriving at the gate of the hospital, the cabman got down, and retired to a distance. He appeared to be perfectly indifferent about his *fare*, and only longed to get rid of his cab's burden. The presence of Dr. Munroe, and the sovereign which the mad one held up to the terrified man's gaze, dispelled his alarm, and he came up cautiously and timorously as a redbreast comes for a crumb, to receive the proffered donation.

When it was explained to the cabman that "these gentlemen were only practicing a joke," a beaming smile played over the man's face, and he said—

"I was certainly in a frightful stew, but I thought it was only a judgment upon me for what I did last night. Tempted by lucre—for half a sovereign—I consented to take a dead body from a hospital to the lodging of its brother. The man had died of small-pox, which complaint I've had, as you can see by my face. It was my intention to have the cab fumigated, but having took too much drink last night, I overslept myself and forgot it."

It was now the turn of the two students to become alarmed, and abuse the cabman. But he set them at ease after a while by saying—

"No, gentlemen, it is not true what I have just told you; but as you funked me for three quarters of an hour, I thought I might take the liberty of funking you for five or ten minutes, and I would have kept you in alarm longer, only I want to give the horse a drink at the trough, and myself a drain at the house round the corner."

GOOD ADVICE TO DOCTORS.—Have you heard of the Bowery boy who being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's door, was informed by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him.

"What's my chances, doctor?"

"Not worth speaking of."

"One in twenty?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred."

"I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "jest you go in like all thunder on that one chance."

The doctor "went in," and the patient recovered.

INFORMATION GRATIS.—The following colloquy took place lately between an inquisitive gentleman and a butcher boy:—"What are your politics?" said the gentleman. "The bosses, sir." "What are the bosses?" "Mine, sir." "What's your name?" "My name," replied the boy, "is the same as father's."—"And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as mine." "Then what are both your names?" "Why they are both alike," said the boy. The gentleman walked away, and the boy shouted "Anything more, sir?"

FLAX AND WOOL WANTED.

A good-natured, but rather timid friend, met long ago, while conversing on the troubles of the times, very mournfully inquired, "where shall we get cotton?" We find our friend is not alone in this cry. Now, with all due deference to our friends who have invested large sums in manufactories of cotton, we say it is no matter whether you can get it or not. We don't believe—we never believed—that the world, or its happiness, or its prosperity depends upon *cotton*. Not a bit of it.

The world moved on very comfortably before cotton became a staple article of manufacture, or necessity. Very good people, and very wise people, and very great people, great in all that makes a people good and worthy of respect and honor, lived and died in ignorance of *cotton*. Why then should there be such a tremor about *cotton*, as if the very foundation of social comfort and social happiness depended upon it. We are willing to admit its convenience, and the great comfort it administers to all, but it is a very insane idea that the operations, nay, the existence of society, must stop because cotton cannot be had. It is this kind of insanity that has brought secession with all its evils upon us. The cotton-growers actually believed that cotton was the King of the world, and that they who grew it thereby held the sceptre of all creation, and could rule or ruin according as they sent it out or withheld it.

Now we can well remember when flax was a greater King than cotton, when the farmers could, and did raise and prepare it at a less cost per pound than we can get cotton now, when the people were very contented and very comfortable if clad in linen in summer, and woolens in winter, and that too, long before the improved modes of flax culture and of harvesting and of rotting and dressing it were known.

The fathers and mothers of the Revolution, who, through their prowess, bravery and wisdom, founded our Union and the political institutions which our misguided brethren of the south are trying to destroy, knew but very little about cotton. They did know a good deal about flax. Every father and son raised and dressed it, and every mother and daughter spun and wove it for their own use. What they did, we can do now, if we only bend to the task. If need be, let cotton for the time being be annihilated. We shall not suffer; our fields will again produce flax in rich abundance.

The improved methods of harvesting and dressing it will prepare it for the distaff vastly quicker and cheaper than can be done by the old methods, and a modification of machinery will spin and weave it into nicer and much stronger fabrics than cotton. "*Who's afeard.*" Get away with your cotton ghosts. A little flax seed will "*lay them*" and furnish shirts and sheets, and calico dresses of the very best kind. And now is the time to be looking out for the business and preparing to take hold in earnest. There's many a good old farmer yet in New England, hale and hearty, who hasn't forgotten a single note in the flax gamut yet, and who can go through all the changes of its culture, from seedling to swingling; and there is many a goodly matron, who could get the *old foot wheel* down from its retirement in the garret and spin you as fine a hank as you can find in Holland or Ireland, ay, and weave it too. All the knights and ladies of the flax brake and the distaff are not dead yet, and if need be they can train up operators that would baffle all the machinations of the secession chivalry in this respect, and not call on Africa to help them either.

DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

STREET SWEEP (in high glee).—Now, then, fellers, foller me!

And wool too, we must have more wool. Our government have had, in their emergency, to send to Europe for half a million of woolens for the army. They have been sorely blamed for this, but it was a "force put." All the woolen machinery now in the United States could not produce the amount needed in time. They will in future rely on our own manufactures for supply, and our manufacturers must have the wool to work up. If the war continues any length of time, flax and wool will become articles of prime necessity, and pay the farmer well for growing them.—*Maine Farmer.*

GERMAN AMUSEMENTS.

The London Saturday Review makes merry over the popular amusements of Germany. It says:—

"Let any one try, and honestly state his feelings, after he has passed the third hour of the third evening at a beer-garden, and he will acknowledge that he feels a peculiar and utter sensation of weariness which is unknown except on the Continent. But no one can doubt that the Germans are thoroughly happy. This is shown not only by their air of gentle content, but by the extraordinary importance which they attach in common conversation to what we should think the most insignificant occurrence. Such an event as a brewery giving its grand yearly festival, or new cellars being inaugurated by a treat to the workmen, is discussed with the strangest outpourings of triumph, pleasure and pride. Long practice, too, or hereditary taste, enables the Germans to take more of these pleasures than the English people can do.

"We speak of a German spending seven or eight hours a day in smoking and drinking as a curious trait of character, as an odd national custom, as a habit of an animal different from ourselves; but why on earth does not all this drinking and smoking make Germans billious? A German considers that, on busy days, he must limit himself to about twelve or fourteen cigars, while on holidays he takes from twenty to twenty-five. Brewers alone could calculate how much beer would be in proportion. We should like to know why this does not make Germans ill, particularly as they take no exercise except a little swinging. However that may be, the fact remains. The Germans can go on with their amusements, and find a continual relish in them. No wonder that this provokes the investigation of foreigners. Surely a people that can get so much amusement must be happy, and have much to teach the rest of the world in the art of living."

THE COST OF GENTILITY.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it does cost a great deal of money to be a gentleman, and a great deal more to be a lady. Where the mistress of the house has to be a nurse and domestic servant as well as a wife, she will be sure to sink the last character in the first. Unless a woman has extraordinary health and vigor, her husband will enjoy very little of her society if she is always looking after the children or the dinner; and, if both he and she are forced to spend a great deal of time and thought in contriving ways to make their income cover their expenses, their mind will be very apt to assume a petty cast, and will be fixed for the most part on small and somewhat sordid, though important objects. The obscure difficulties and struggles of such a mode of life are, in plain truth, great enemies both to refinement and to high aims in life. A couple to whom every sixpence is an object, have to think and talk a great deal about sixpences. Although it is perfectly right that they should do so, it would be better for them both to be free from the obligation.

It follows from this that the desire to keep up appearances is neither an empty nor a vulgar one, for the appearances so kept up cover substantial realities. It is quite true that the first and perhaps the most obvious result of the sort of marriage which is so warmly advocated, is a loss of social station; but the reason why that loss is incurred is, that such marriages almost always render possessions of great importance extremely precarious. They endanger the independence and the refinement of those who contract them, and they make it probable that they will become the parents of children who will hold a position in life altogether different from their own. This simple account of the matter will continue to be the true one so long as the average energy and self-restraint of mankind continue substantially unchanged. Whether or no such a risk is worth running, and such a price worth paying for the gratification of affection, is a separate question; but it is of great importance to understand rightly what the price really is.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A DUTCH COW HOUSE.—Madame Pfeiffer, in her "Last Travels," just published, gives an amusing account of Dutch neatness. At a Dutch farmer's near Amsterdam, she found the cow stables indisputably the handsomest part of the house:

"The cow-house monopolized the greater part of the building; its windows, of a handsome oval form, were absolutely festooned with white curtains, looped up with gay ribbons. The entrance door, of which the upper part was glazed, also boasted of a curtain of dazzling whiteness. The interior of this establishment was in the form of a lofty spacious hall. The stalls were just broad enough to allow the hind feet of the cows to rest on the edge of a canal or gutter a foot in depth, so that the straw might be kept perfectly clean. Just over this gutter, and parallel, with it, a rope had been stretched, and to this rope the tails of the cows were tied, to prevent them from whisking their sides and raising a dust. All these arrangements were pleasing enough to the eye; but I fancy, if the poor animals had been consulted, they would have voted for a little more freedom, although at some sacrifice of neatness."

☞ Experience of the past is the profit of the future.

Agricultural.

FRESH EGGS THE YEAR ROUND.

There is poetry on the dung-hill as well as in the meadow or hearth-stone. We all remember the cricket in the old fashioned fireplace: it is a touching little thought, going back far into childhood. There also are the cackling hens and the chanticleer of boyhood. The cricket now is mainly confined to the field; but the cock struts as proudly as ever on his favorite dung-hill. Eggs are still hunted for, and obtained—fresh; but only in the country, and then, alas! not always.

Fresh eggs! It is not necessary to dilate here or poetize further on the subject—a trick of ours. We will say this much—and we can say it with authority—that fresh eggs may be had at all times, and with little trouble. Is not that an item in the sum of life's experience? We will not eat a spoiled egg; and all but fresh eggs we consider spoiled; old eggs are not fit to eat—they are like old butter.

But how shall we obtain fresh eggs? Hens, it is said, don't pay; many have tried it, and these discourage others. But some have tried it, who continue the practice of raising their own eggs, and sell largely. These certainly must find it profitable, for a man does not, knowingly, throw away his money. We have seen the process tried, and fail; and we have seen it tried, and succeed. It is precisely in this as in other things: in making butter, for instance, or coffee, or raising stock. If properly conducted, it will pay; otherwise it will soon cease to be practised.

To have fresh eggs the year round, and without loss to the producer, must be a consummation devoutly to be wished. It is an easy matter, with a little care.

Take one or two dozen of hens, (young hens, and of the same breed, are best,) the number agreeing with the size of the family. Let your building—a rough shanty will do—be dry and airy. Hens, as well as men, require fresh air, and dread moisture. They also suffer from cold—so their quarters in winter should be warm, but always dry, and kept clean. It should be often cleaned, and sprinkled with lime; and it would benefit it to whitewash the inside. Eight feet by five, or smaller, will do. The roost poles should be three by four (joist,) placed along the back part of the building; about three feet from the floor, and half that distance apart. Place a board for the hens to walk up.

As to feeding, give them almost anything. They will thrive upon variety. They should be fed three times a day, and regularly. Indian meal, made into dough, and slightly peppered, is excellent to make them lay; with a little meat every other day; and raw onions once a week, and raw potatoes chopped up. Potatoes and onions should not be neglected. But corn is the great reliance. Let them have access to pure water. Gravel, bits of plastering, and particularly oyster-shells pounded fine, are indispensable to laying.

Make your hens happy and contented. This is a great point. Comfortable quarters, enough to eat, (just enough, and no more,) with materials in reach for egg-shells (gravel, pounded oyster shells, &c.,)—these are the main things. But the minutiæ must not be forgotten. A happy hen will lay; and a happy hen is one that lacks for nothing. The lime should be slacked. It keeps away vermin and disease. Of course an aperture must be left for the hens to pass in and out. They should be as little molested as possible—never frightened nor watched. Study to make them a happy family, and they will make you happy in return. And do not be discouraged if at first you are not remunerated for your outlay. They will soon take to their new life. But you must attend to them; they are sensitive towards neglect.

If you have no relish for the thing, you will not be apt to succeed—you will not take the proper care. There is not the sympathy between you and your colony, which is appreciated at once, and acted upon. There is a philosophy in the treatment of hens as in anything else. There is but one fact about everything, and that must be possessed. The fact about hens is, mostly, good treatment—not in food merely, but in everything. There may be an abundance of food, and yet the hens suffer in other respects. These must be remedied. A warm, ventilated building, (not heated—avoid all extremes,) with windows for light; large enough, and undisturbed; quiet, save by the singing or cackling of hens; kept clean, with slacked lime kept on the floor; and pure water always in reach, and ready of access; and regularly fed three times a day with what food will be eaten, and no more; these are the principal things that form the good treatment of hens, and, with the minutiæ added, will make them lay. Once fully establish your system, and it will be easy afterward.—*Valley Farmer.*

THE FRUIT CROP IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—The fruit crop in most sections of the country is unusually light. Of grapes we have but a few in Western New York, and in the vicinity of this city not one-tenth of our usual crop. A few varieties of pears are giving fair crops, such as Louise Bonne de Jersey, and Seckel, and the old Virgalieu, in some cases, we see loaded with fruit, unequalled in the palmiest days of this old favorite. But most of the hundreds of varieties growing in this section are giving no fruit the present season, and the agricultural and horticultural exhibitions will miss our usual large collections.

The orchards are giving only half a crop of apples, but as far as we have observed they are unusually fine. They will no doubt bring a good price. Dealers are now endeavoring to contract for winter apples at from $1,25 to $1,50 per barrel, and autumn varieties are selling at from $1,25 to $2,00. As apples are scarce in all sections of the country, farmers would do well to be a little careful about contracting at a low figure.—*Rochester Rural New Yorker.*

CORN AND COB MEAL FOR POULTRY.—Those who have poultry to feed will find it a saving to feed them with corn and cob meal. By grinding the corn and cob together, hens, geese, and especially turkeys, will eat the whole with avidity. The cob, even if not very finely ground, will be softened in their crops, and finally be again ground very finely in their gizzards, and adds much to the nutriment. We have tried this method of feeding often, and are now keeping a flock of turkeys on this diet, with which they express themselves well satisfied.—*Maine Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

EGG PONE.—Three eggs, a quart of Indian meal, a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, a small teaspoonful of salt, a half pint, or more, of milk. Beat the eggs very light and mix them with the milk. Then stir in gradually the Indian meal, adding the salt and butter. It must not be a batter, but a soft dough, just thick enough to be stirred well with a spoon. If too thin, add more Indian meal; if too stiff, thin it with a little more milk. Beat or stir it long and hard. Butter a tin or iron pan, put the mixture into it, and set the pan immediately into an oven, which must be moderately hot at first and the heat increased afterward. A Dutch oven is best for this purpose. It should bake an hour and a half or two hours, in proportion to its thickness. Send it to table hot and cut into slices. Eat it with butter or molasses.

A SIMPLE SUET DUMPLING.—One pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a one of pepper; moisten with water until a stiff paste; use where required. They may be rolled in small balls, and used in savory pies, hash or stews.—*Soyer.*

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk with a little piece of lemon-peel; mix a quarter of a pound of ground rice with half a pint of milk, two ounces of sugar, and one of butter; add this to the boiling milk; keep stirring, take it off the fire, break in two eggs, one after the other; keep stirring; butter a pie dish, pour in the mixture, and bake until set. This is one of the quickest puddings that can be made.—*Soyer.*

SNOW RICE CREAM.—Put in a stew-pan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk, boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mould previously oiled, and serve when cold. It will turn out like jelly.

If no mould, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than not enough.—*Soyer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 21, 10, 4, 19, 33, 20, 1, 16, 29, 26, is a city of the United States.
My 9, 11, 35, 30, 28, is a county in Indiana.
My 34, 3, 11, 3, 30, is a city in Italy.
My 23, 35, 11, 10, 27, 31, 23, 4, 25, is a city of Spain.
My 26, 23, 6, 15, 5, 4, is a country of Italy.
My 4, 14, 26, 7, 10, 3, 36, is a city in Brazil.
My 12, 18, 14, 15, 37, is a country of Europe.
My 16, 2, 30, 16, 20, 8, is a city in Scotland.
My 13, 11, 3, 4, 23, 30, 15, 23, is a city in Belgium.
My 34, 3, 23, 15, 25, 4, is a city of Asia.
My 24, 35, 11, 11, 33, 23, 31, 30, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 3, 17, 10, 30, 14, is a division of South America.
My whole is a distinguished general now living.
Philadelphia. H. D. M.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 6, 20, 3, is a metal.
My 18, 3, 12, is a number.
My 13, 2, 9, 16, 18, 3, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 11, 18, 3, 14, 22, is sweet to the taste.
My 5, 11, 8, 17, is used on the water.
My 13, 4, 12, 10, is a vegetable.
My 1, 30, 19, 10, is an elevation.
My 10, 2, 17, is a plaything.
My 9, 1, 14, is a pronoun.
My 16, 18, 7, is a plaything.
My 21, 12, 3, 16, is a coin.
My 19, 8, 2, 3, is a wild animal.
My 17, 12, 3, is a very useful article.
My 3, 18, 15, 4, is a part of the face.
My whole is a good maxim.
Brooklyn, L. I. JACOB S. HARDENBERGH.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 16, 8, 6, 3, is a river of Australia.
My 1, 2, 18, 5, 1, 15, is a lake in New York.
My 17, 7, 4, 6, 5, 5, is a cape on the coast of British America.
My 19, 13, 11, 14, 9, 16, is a town in Asia.
My 15, 3, 5, 10, 13, is the capital of one of the Tripolitan states.
My 12, 3, 10, is a river in Europe.
My 20, 17, 15, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My whole is the name of a great man.
SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname;
My second is an article of clothing;
My third is a preposition;
My whole is a city in the south.
Toulon, Ill. ∞

REBUS.

The initials form a metal, the finals were found.
To give intelligence.
A celebrated Italian composer.
A musical instrument.
A small pointed instrument.
H. F. P. D.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, and I become a county in Penna.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, and I become a kind of grain.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, and I become a period of time.
Omit my 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, and I become an animal.
Omit my 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, and I become a native compound from which a metal is extracted.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, and I become a pronoun.
Omit my 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, and I become an animal.
My whole was an officer in the Revolutionary war. S. R. M.
Alleghany Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four men engage to do a job of work, and each is to be paid according to the part he performs. While doing the work, they discovered that A and B could perform the whole work themselves in 20 days; that B and C could do it in 12 days, and that C and D could do it all in 16 days. When the work was completed A received $60 for his services, and D got $30 for the aid he had rendered. Required—the time in which each could accomplish the whole work alone, and the sum each received for their services?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can you place five sevens in such a position that when they are added together, and the sum of five sevens are substracted therefrom the one-half of one hundred will remain? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the Archbishop of Canterbury like a weathercock? Ans.—Because he's at the head of the church.

☞ Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion? Ans.—Because she dresses well.

☞ Why is an orange like a church-steeple? Ans.—Because we have a peel from it.

☞ Why is a man in a passion like a judge's gown? Ans.—Because he is ruffled.

☞ Why is a crooked woman like a country brown loaf? Ans.—Because she's made o'rye. (Awry.)

☞ Why is a cannon like a tailor? Ans.—Because it makes breeches. (Breaches.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Patrick Henry, of Virginia. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Without Me ye can do nothing." CHARADE—Buttercups. DOUBLE REBUS—Rio-delspiata, South America, Reyes, Ignacio, Oahu, Detroit, Edinburgh, Lena, Absecum, Petchelee, Leicester, Attai, Tehuantepec, Alabama.

☞ Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

☞ Truth endues a man's purposes with somewhat of immutability.